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A

REVIEW

OF

"A DISCOURSE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER, PREACHED AT
THE MELODEON ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852, BY THEODORE PARKER,
MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY IN BOSTON."

BY

"JUNIUS AMERICANUS." *pseud.*

"He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and that uttereth slander, is a fool." — PROVERBS, x. 18.

"Answer a *fool* according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." — xxvi. 5.

"I'll prove it on his body." — SHAKESPEARE.

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PREFACE.

THE writer of this Review has waited, expectantly, for what seemed to him a long time, to see the work which he has undertaken done by some other hand ; but no one seemed disposed to take hold of it. Some said the Discourse was not worth noticing ; others that it was unanswerable. Some even of Mr. Webster's friends shook their heads sadly, and said that much of it was too true ! The writer of this Review could no longer consent to see an " Ossa upon Pelion " of obloquy resting on Daniel Webster's grave, and this Review is the result. Prepared as he was to find in this Discourse much more to condemn than to praise, he had not an idea of one half of its iniquity. He knew there was abuse and misrepresentation, but did not know what malignity, meanness, prevarication, indecency, bad metaphor, false logic, false statement, canting hypocrisy, and, comparing it with the first edition, what deliberate contradiction, alteration, interpolation, and crafty suppression for a selfish purpose, there was extant in these one hundred and eight pages of a funeral discourse upon the greatest man of our time. We saw that it had lain on Webster's grave too long already ; that it had gone through an immense newspaper edition, and a *revised* pamphlet edition ; had been almost universally read, and, by those interested in its success, lavishly commended until there was danger that Daniel Webster *mira-bile dictu* would be taken by a great many honest people at

Theodore Parker's valuation! Under these extraordinary circumstances this Review has been undertaken, with the settled determination of a thorough *exposè*, and the design will be pursued with a will that knows *no relenting*. Charlatanry, chicanery, and effrontery have done their utmost to gain for this individual the public ear, and his pernicious influence being on the increase, it is high time to "abate him as a nuisance."

To affect any squeamishness in handling such a subject would be *merely* an affectation, and none will be affected.

It is, we are aware, a *dirty piece of work*, but, like the sanitary explorations, investigations, and expurgations necessary to the public health, it is not dishonorable, and we are willing to suffer in the nostril for the public good.

It may be thought that the reviewer takes too much notice of the trifles of style: the reason for treating them so seriously is this; these "straws" of metaphor "show which way the wind of doctrine blows" him, and give a knowledge of the meteorology of his passions. In this relation they assume an importance not intrinsically their own.

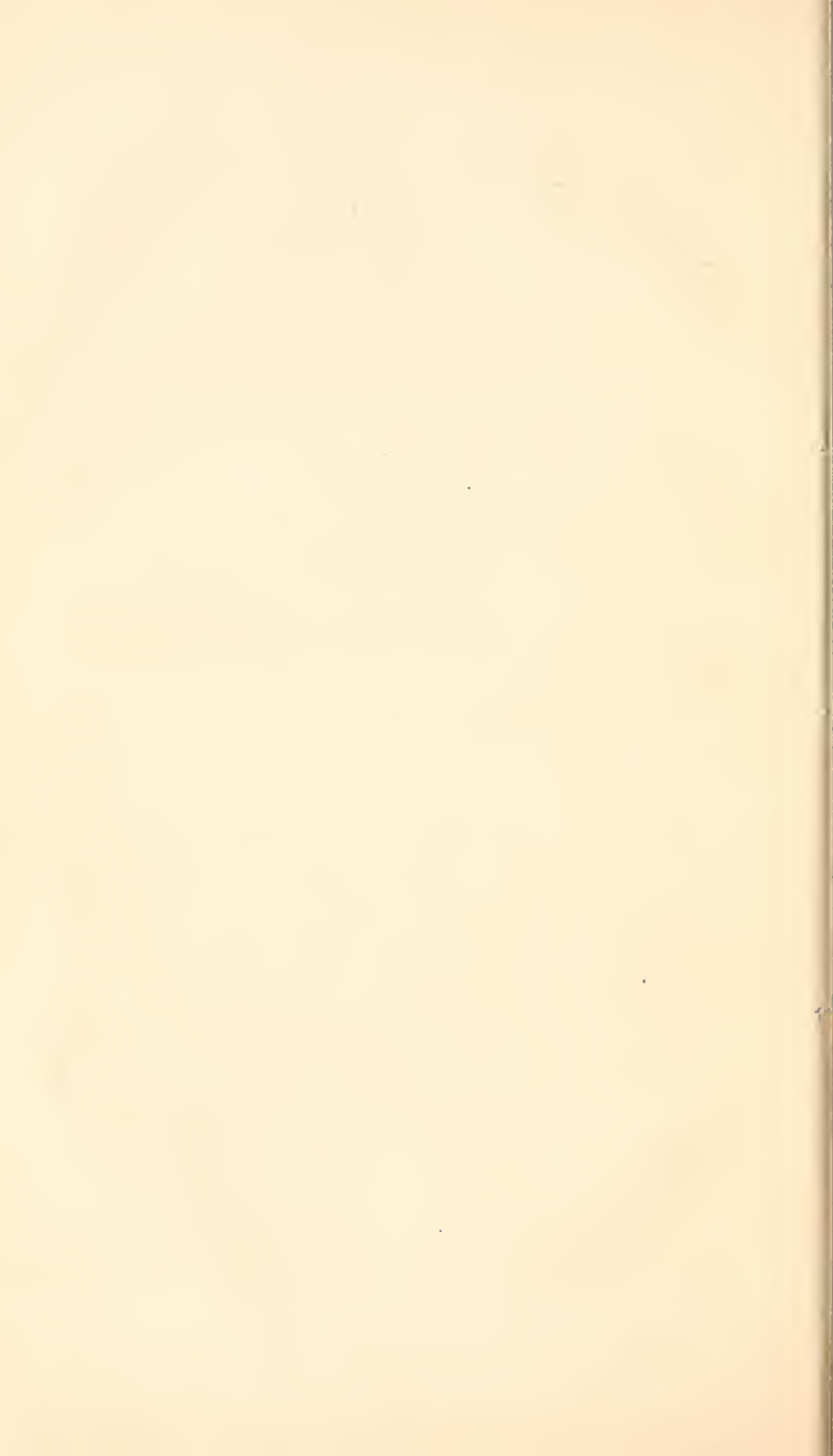
The intention of the reviewer is not only to show up the Discourse and take away its power for evil, but to serve the author of it in the same way. To make a stethescopsis of his *cardiac region*,—to prove his probity with the probe of probabilities. To sound his depth,—ascertain his specific gravity,—approximate a fair market valuation of his "notions." Lay down on chart the shallows and quicksands of his theology,—ascertain his electrical condition, and see if he is not too positive to be a good conductor,—study his metallurgy and see how much of him is gold, and how much brass; assay the coinage of his brain, and see how much of it is spurious; examine the vaults of his mind, to see how much of the deposits is specie, and how much specious, and also if there has not been an overissue of paper; to ascertain the amount of his

indebtedness to others, and inquire into the propriety of getting some Rev. Sidney Smith to inscribe *Ære alieno* on his forehead. Finally, to calculate how much the public would probably lose by taking him, and his "properties," at his own personal valuation.

By an unheard of ferocity of attack upon a dead man's fame, in a *funeral sermon*, this man has put himself beyond the pale of conventional protection. He has shown no mercy to the dead, we shall show none to him living.

He appears to combine the meanness of a Thersites, with the ferocity of a Richard, and the boastfulness of a Falstaff. Like the latter, he would stick his cowardly steel into a dead hero's thigh, swear he had fought him an hour by Shrewsbury clock, and boast of having slain him. Like Gloster, one feels tempted to say, in passing the sword of justice to "the joints and to the marrow,"

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither, I that have neither pity, love, nor fear!"



R E V I E W .

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN forming one's judgment upon a great man like Daniel Webster, it is necessary to take a stand where we can look at his character and actions in a proper light—to retire from him to a proper distance, that we may look at his proportions from the right point of view.

Of this, however, the writer of the Discourse under consideration is by nature and *art* incapable.

To illustrate, we will relate a short story, *not* to be found in "Plutarch's Lives," or "Cæsar's Commentaries."

Once upon a time, there lived in Italy a Roman, named Minutius Specius Spectacus, who was bestridden by the idea that he was a great critic in matters of art, especially statuary; and by dint of giving his opinion on all possible occasions, with all possible audacity, he found a good many to believe in his pretensions.

Strange as it may seem, he was near-sighted and squint-eyed, and his sight was obscured by a constant rheum, occasioned by his habit of gazing too closely and continuously upon one point.

Spectacus had heard of the great Colossus at Rhodes, and he determined to give the world the benefit of his

judgment upon it; so he set sail for that island, amid the cheers of his particular coterie, and expressions of mutual admiration that were very gratifying to all concerned.

Arrived in sight of the object of the visit, the captain of the vessel proposed to cast anchor some ways out, as was customary with those who went to view this immense statue.

There stood the mighty Colossus, between the limits of whose giant stride the commerce of a city passed and repassed with outspread sail, a noble object at the proper point of view. But our critic, Minutius Specius Spectacus, at that distance, purblind as he was, could only see a tall and undefined something, which he could neither comprehend nor appreciate; so he must needs sail on, and land near by, where he could see a little better.

Getting on shore, he went winking and blinking up to one of the statue's mighty feet. He could hardly tiptoe a horizontal glimpse across the massive instep; but he went peeping and peering and squinting about, with a most sagacious and cognizant expression.

He put his finger here, and his thumb there.

He was curious to know what it was made of.

He found fault because it was not polished.

Finally, he took out a graduated rule, and proceeded to calculate the superficies of the toe-nails; and lo! he found that there was disproportion between the great toe-nail and the little toe-nail!

This ascertained, he needed no more. A Phidias or a Praxiteles could not have shaken his faith in the idea that the thing was a failure. "Though he had been brayed in a mortar," yet would not that "foolishness have departed from him."

He sailed out of the harbor, and out of sight of the Colossus, without once looking behind him; and, having

arrived at home, in an assembly of his fellow *quidnuncs*, he declared that he had made the Colossus an object of special study and accurate investigation, and that it was a complete failure; for that, although it looked large, and perhaps was large—people said it was—yet that there was a discrepancy in its proportions that spoiled the whole thing: that the great toe-nail was a quarter of an inch too small, and the little toe-nail was a sixteenth of an inch too large: “and you know, fellow citizens,” concluded *Minutius Specius Spectacus*, “that where a thing is so manifestly wrong at the *very tip end of the great toe*, it must be wrong all the way up; and my conscience will not let me rest until I have burrowed underground, and upset this great monstrosity.”

But lo! that very day the earth shook and trembled, and ere long it was noised abroad that an earthquake had overturned the Colossus.

“Never mind,” said *Minutius Specius Spectacus*, “I’ll burrow under its ruins.” And lo! he is rooting to this day.

Thus ends the story.

In like manner with *Minutius Specius Spectacus*, there are some men that make manifest their own defective organization when they undertake to consider the character of Daniel Webster, and to treat of the mighty themes with which his giant reason grappled.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROVOCATION.

*" Could he come near with his nails,
He 'd set his ten commandments in your face."* SHAKESPEARE.

THE design of this chapter is to possess the reader at once with a distinct view of the unheard of indecency and malignity of the Discourse under consideration, and justify beyond question the reviewer's severity. On page 22 he begins the attack ; and from that beginning to " the bitter end," eighty-six whole pages, he goes on in what appears to us such a strain of unfair statement, illogical inference, shallow judgment, lying assertion, and wilful perversion, and distortion of what he cannot plausibly deny, as cannot be paralleled in the dog-fights of a party press campaign, much less in the literature of a profession that boasts of a Massillon, a Hall, a Tillotson, a Chalmers, and a Channing. Let any man read it, mark its contradictions—its self-evident falsifications—its entire devotion to the malice prepense base purposes of its unscrupulous author, and then say if the reviewer has been half as severe as the case warrants. Why, there is not a crime, not an enormity, not a monstrosity of unheard of criminality, which this saintly "*minister*" does not accuse Mr. Webster of; and then, on page 105, when exhausted malignity, feeble and out of breath, could do no more, in comes hypocrisy, to let it rest awhile, saying, "I must be just. I must be tender, too!"

In the name of all that is decent, how could this man betray such inconsistency, and, like a little child with

his mouth crammed full of the speech obstructing evidence of his guilt, blubber, "I did not do it;" with both hands full of gingerbread into the bargain!

Who believes him when he says he *loved* Daniel Webster?

We find no fault with fair statement, logical inference, consistent condemnation; but when a man says now, I admire the man, then there is nothing to admire in him — now whines over his grave, the next moment spits on his epitaph, and in impotent rage kicks at his escutcheon, he outrages common feeling to that degree that the honest heart revolts, and we turn away in uncontrollable loathing from such apparent hypocrisy.

Let the following precious extracts bear witness of the spirit of the Discourse under review. We cannot in conscience ask any one to "read, mark, and inwardly digest," — all we venture to expect is that the reader will put the nauseous mess in a condition to be ejected with all convenient speed.

"To accomplish a bad purpose he resorted to mean artifice."

"He used misrepresentation."

"The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate, was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities of which God had given him the use."

"He threw over his own morality, his own religion, *his own God.*" (He was an *atheist* then.)

"Here was the reason he wanted to be President."

"Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of liberty in the capitol."

"Think of him, full of the Old Testament, and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the higher law of God." (He accuses him of blasphemy.)

"Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, — so low that no man quotes him for a precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there not less than

an archangel ruined, and enticed the nation in his fall. *Shame on us! — all those three are of New England blood.*" (!) (Traitor.)

"Daniel Webster kidnapped." (A thief.)

"The companions of his later years were chiefly low men with large animal appetites, *servants of his body's baser parts* (!) or tidewaiters of his ambition, — vulgar men in Boston, and New York, who bask in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. *These barnacles clave to the great man's unprotected parts* (!) and hastened his decay." (!) (A debauchee.)

"He cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men."

"In later years his face was the visage of a tyrant."

"He was indeed eminently selfish, (!) joining the *instinctive egotism of passion* with the *self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition*. He borrowed money of rich young men — aye, and of poor ones — in the generosity of their youth, and never paid."

"He neglected the public business." "No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, unless bathed in negro's blood." (!) (A murderer!)

Then comes "lack of ideas and honesty."

"Fond of sensual luxury, — the victim of low appetites. Intensely proud." "*Private money often clave to his hands,*" — "collected money and did not pay." "His later speeches smell of bribes." "*No man living has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar!*"

"*He sinned against his own conscience, and he fell,*" — "he sold himself to the money power to do service against mankind." (!)

Now, in the name of all that is virtuous, what horrid

monster in human shape, had this man reference to, in the *debauchee, thief, robber, murderer*, and BLASPHEMING *atheist*, described in these extracts?

Why *Daniel Webster !!!*

Is Theodore Parker "tender?" In the Bible we find it written, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" what then are the tender mercies of Theodore Parker, if the above is his idea of the "tenderness of woman's love."*

Now, either this man Parker believes what he has said above, or he does not. If he does believe it, he might as well tell of the soft affection he has for the ravening wolf, or the raging wild boar of the forest, as to ever mention such a word as "*tenderness*" in connection with such an inhuman, worse than wild beast monster, as he makes out of the man whom "children loved and claved to," Daniel Webster.

"If he does not believe it," as before God I do not doubt, then is he doubly damned, as a foul-mouthed liar, and a black-hearted scoundrel, "who should be lashed naked through the world with a whip of scorpions," and run the gauntlet of God's creation in like manner, until he pitches headlong into that outer darkness in which is his proper portion, until he repents himself of his foul slander, and says, in the remorse of returning virtue,

"O, would the deed were good,
For now the devil that told me, — I did well
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell!"

The author of this review in common with hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, perused this Discourse as it was published in the "Commonwealth" newspaper, phonographically reported. In that form it had an im-

* See page 2 of Discourse.

mense circulation. About eighty thousand copies were sold. In the perusal of that copy we did not, however, go much further than the first two thirds, and from that perusal we had the impression that it was as fair as could be expected of its author. In pursuing our object of a full and searching review, we have taken pains to make a thorough comparison of the two editions, namely, the newspaper phonographic report, and the pamphlet edition, revised and corrected for the press by the author. In the preface to this last, he tells us that he has investigated anew, and that the pamphlet edition is the result; so of course we expected to find additions, and perhaps alterations of mistakes of statement, if any such had occurred; but it was with great astonishment that we beheld the *spirit* and *temper* of the *interpolations*, and the *character* and *design* of the *alterations*. The two copies are almost word for word alike, with some changes in arrangement of topics, and the interpolations, *excepting* some very remarkable alterations, omissions, and substitutions, which we will point out. Verily, a man who does not stick to the truth, should have a long memory and a careful eye to future consequences. Said a colored woman once to the reviewer, "The truth will bear its own weight!" It was a striking expression. Its converse must then be true; "falsehood will fall with its own weight." What then shall be the fate of this Discourse? Let us examine and see.

The accuracy of the phonographic reporter of this sermon may be seen by comparing the two editions from page 1 to page 15, where end the general and preliminary remarks, and where the personal portion commences. We find a good deal interpolated in the first brief sketch of Webster's life, but nothing of material consequence until, upon the 22d and 23d pages, we find that the entire attack on Mr. Webster's fame as a constitutional

lawyer, is an interpolation. This we treat of in its proper place, and for the present let it pass. The *political* bearing of this interpolated attack cannot be mistaken. We intend to show that it is the deliberate intention of the author to disparage Mr. Webster's abilities as much as he can, that he may drag the great man down as near as possible to his own level, and familiarize his readers with the idea that Webster was overrated.

On page 18 we observe that the "cider-barrel" figure of speech, which is treated of in its proper place in the review, is added to and *beautified*.

On page 28, from "In November," etc., to page 38, ending with "Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts," is an interpolation. About *ten* pages, the most of it relating to *Federalism*, is thus added. This is treated of in another portion of the review.

It is proper in this place to observe, that, although the sermon in pamphlet thus differs from the sermon as delivered, yet it is put out under the title of "A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Daniel Webster, preached at the Melodeon* on Sunday, October 31st, 1852;" and being thus entitled, and being also "the sober second thought" of the author, it is treated as if it were all then written and delivered. He has fathered and legitimated the whole brood, and of course must be responsible for them, when all these "curses, like chickens," are sent "*home to roost*."

Still, in order that the reader may see the *deliberate animus* of the performance, we give the alterations, etc.

On the 39th page we find the following *sneer* interpolated in pursuance of the design of systematic *depreciation*. We quote, "To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. In-

* The Twenty-Eighth Society now occupy the New Music Hall.

deed, it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the ‘assembled wisdom of the State.’”

According to the statement in the Discourse, that he was ten years old when Webster, in 1820, spoke at Plymouth, Mr. Parker is now not far from forty-three,—about five years older than the “young man” at whom he sneers.

Whether he himself is old or young, properly speaking, it is quite plain that he has outgrown “the modesty of youth,” for he claims to “surpass the assembled and collective wisdom,” not only “of the State,” but of the nation, both in politics and religion. We are inclined to think, however, that he is rather more of a “juvenile” than “a *Juvenal*.”

His opinions would not spoil in keeping a while longer—in fact they are green—they need to ripen. He should let the fruit remain on the tree longer, claiming as he does that his tree alone brings forth fruit fit to eat. Perhaps, however, if we pursue the analogy, we shall understand the whole matter. His present published opinions are, probably, part of them, mere “windfalls,” shaken violently off by the tempest of controversy, and green, of course,—calculated to give, in Fanny Fern’s expressive language, “a pain under the apron;” and part of them have fallen off because of the *worm* in them.

We will next introduce two extracts, one from the newspaper edition, and the other from the pamphlet edition. The italics are the reviewer’s.

From the newspaper.

“In 1828 he voted for the ‘bill of abominations,’ as the tariff was called; not because he was in favor of the measure, but as the least of sundry evils. Afterwards, he became a strong

From the pamphlet.

“In 1828 he voted for the bill of abominations, as that tariff was called, which levied ‘thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports,’ not because he was in favor of

advocate for a high protective tariff. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion. It seems to me *his first opinion was right, and his last opinion wrong*,—that he never answered his first great speech; *but it seems to me that he was honest in the change.*

“In 1816 and 1824, the South wanted a protective tariff; the North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. Calhoun, at that time, was in favor of an United States protective tariff. *There was, it seems to me, a good and sufficient reason to Mr. Webster for this change*; but he had other fluctuations on this matter, which, I grieve to say, do not seem capable of an explanation quite so honorable.”

the measure, but as the least of two evils.

“In 1816, the South wanted a protective tariff; the commercial North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. * * *

“After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr. Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. He has been blamed for his change of opinion; *but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution. It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake*; that he never answered his first great speech of 1824. But it seems to me that he was honest in the change; *for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honorable an explanation.*”

It is hoped that the honest reader will compare these two columns of extracts carefully with each other. In the first he says, in so many words, “but it seems to me that he was *honest* in the change.” There it stands alone, unqualified; but how is it in the second? Ob-

serve the interpolations beginning at "Here he has been blamed," etc. The first is an absolute, unqualified expression; the last contains a labored effort to neutralize the whole of an expression he did not *dare* to *expunge*.

Now, mark the precise terms of the following, found also in "the newspaper." "There was, it seems to me, a *good* and *sufficient* reason to Mr. Webster for this change." This is direct. On the 31st of October, 1852, Mr. Parker thought that Mr. Webster was *absolutely honest* in his change as to the tariff. In the pamphlet edition he qualifies that expression by additions which give the impression that he was not honest, but did it to please his constituents. Are we unfair in so charging Mr. Parker? There are the extracts. Let any one read the two and see for himself. It will be seen that in the pamphlet he omits, "*There was, it seems to me, a good and sufficient reason to Mr. Webster for this change.*" "Good and sufficient" for what? why, to make him "*honest*" in the matter.

Are these alterations, taking them in spirit and in letter, compatible with *moral honesty* of purpose?

We will say nothing about any "*tenderness*" towards Mr. Parker. We mean to be just, but he cannot expect mercy. It is our deliberate and carefully weighed opinion, that he is *intentionally dishonest* in the matter above; and we charge him with it before men and before God.

From the pamphlet.

"Mr. Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise, and subtle, and far-sighted. But in 1833, he introduced his Compromise measure, to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr. Webster."

From the newspaper.

"Mr. Clay was certainly a great man, wise, and subtle, and far-sighted. [*I wish I thought he was as honest as Calhoun, or could be persuaded that he was as generous as Webster;*] but in 1833 Mr. Clay could not vote for the force bill which Webster so *proudly defied* against the South Carolinian idea. Mr. Clay would not vote against it—he avoided the question; the air of the Senate was so bad he could not stay."

What does the candid reader think of the above? Observe the tenor of that part whose place is a perfect *blank* in the pamphlet edition. Why was it left out? was it or not, we leave it to the reader, left out because in it he calls Mr. Webster "*generous?*"

Observe the alteration and condensation of the last part. You see he has *squeezed out* all the praise of Mr. Webster there was in it;—"proudly defended" is not there. Why not? The whole thing tells its own tale, as will the cheek of Mr. Parker, when he peruses for the first time the exposure of this "baser part"* of his doings. But this is nothing to what is to come. In popular phrase, "it opens rich."

From the newspaper.

"While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life—the one deed on which his fame as a political officer *will settle* down and rest—the Ashburton Treaty, in 1842. The matter was difficult; the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine; *nay, it is whispered that there was a fifth party—the government at the time.* The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British government sent an *honorable representative*, and America an *honorable Secretary*; the *two trustworthy men* settled the difficulty, *honestly, fairly, and above board*; I am not *niggard of my praise*, but *I think this the one great deed of Mr. Webster.* Perhaps *no other man could have done*

From the pamphlet.

"While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life,—the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator *seems* to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington, in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over *a minister* to negotiate a treaty with the *American Secretary*. The *two eminent statesmen* settled the difficulty. *It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and HONEST*

* See extract from Discourse.

so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. I am no judge of that."

man could not have done the work.
* * * Mr. Webster succeeded in negotiating *because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before.*" (!)

What a striking difference between these two estimates of the character of one and the same transaction. In "the newspaper" he says Mr. Webster's fame *will* settle down, etc., and in the pamphlet he says, seems to settle down and rest. It will be in vain to charge that difference upon the phonographic reporter. Seems and will are not at all alike in sound, and phonography goes by *sounds*. In addition to that the whole tenor of "the newspaper" estimate accords with the absolute assertion, for he says in so many words, "*I am not niggard of my praise, but I think this the one great deed of Mr. Webster.*"

But it is not necessary to dwell upon this. The record speaks for itself. Read it — read it in the original documents, do not trust to this review; read it as his own printer has it. Read the *whole* account. Observe his skill in the use of "middle terms," as he labors in the hopeless task of putting together his inconsistencies. Observe how differently the negotiators are alluded to in the two versions. See where he puts in "perhaps," and mark what follows.

Mr. Parker has managed this matter bunglingly. He has made a regular bull, upon one of whose horns he is sure to suffer. This is his dilemma. He is either insincere, or else in the first edition he "made a fatal mistake." The two estimates of the same action are direct contradictions. We would, for the sake of the public, preserve a semblance of respect for Mr. Parker, but does not the question come up irresistibly, in the brevity of common parlance, "Which is he, knave or fool?" What right had

he to *say any thing* on the 31st of October, when, if his last statement is correct, he *knew so little?*

Here is another alteration, the motives of which cannot be mistaken.

From the newspaper.

"He had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: *the* sullen cloud still hung over his own head."

From the pamphlet.

"*It was thought that* he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: *a* sullen cloud still hung over his own *expectations of the Presidency.*"

Let the above tell its own tale. The attention of the reader is called to the interpolations enumerated below. Observe the general tendency of them. "Discourse," page 22, from "Look at the," etc., to the bottom of page 23. Page 28, from "In November," to page 38, "of Massachusetts." Read the whole of the tariff matter, and compare "the newspaper" and the "pamphlet" on that subject. Read the "Treaty" matter in both.

Compare the two editions where he comes to speak of the slavery question. Observe the subtlety with which he endeavors all along to belittle the great man, and mark what bearing the alterations and interpolations have on that subject. See how he alters and leaves out epithets honorable to Mr. Webster, as in the treaty matter, and in other places; leaving out entirely in the pamphlet "as *generous* as Webster," "honorable secretary," "trustworthy men," "honestly, fairly, and above-board," "his great heart — it was always a great heart — no downfall could make it little," all these left out. Some ways further on, in "the newspaper," several columns from his account of the treaty matter we find the following, which is left out of the pamphlet: "The treaty signed at Washington, in 1842, he managed well with all its intricacies." The following are also left out or altered in

pursuance of his design. "Commonly Webster was honest in his oratory; open, *English*, and not *Yankee*. * * * * * It was the *tactics of a great and honest-minded man*."

How do our New England people relish the above? "open, English, not *Yankee*!" "honest," "open," are English; but *covert* and *dishonest* he calls *Yankee*. How is it with this *Yankee* preacher? Is he really then a *specimen* of us Yankees? Honesty forbid!

The above is not in the pamphlet. It slipped out unawares, and is suppressed for a purpose. Does the truth require all this trickery in its advocates? Cannot the higher law of Mr. Parker's conscience be enforced without such trickishness as the perversions and omissions recorded above? Alas for the higher law, if it is to be interpreted by a mind of so crooked an order as his appears to be.

Further on in the newspaper, we find the following fling at Mr. Clay:—

"Henry Clay labored to defeat him at Baltimore last June. This was not generous in Mr. Clay, for in '44 Webster had toiled earnestly for that 'Hero of the West,' toiled for his rival, toiled against hope. But Mr. Clay bore him a grudge, and on his death-bed waited for the consolation of his more *generous* rival's fall, *saw it, was glad, and died content*." (!)

Is the above a *decent* thing to put into a funeral discourse? This also is not in the pamphlet. The newspaper edition reached, as we are credibly informed, the extraordinary circulation of *eighty thousand*:—it was in that.

But we tire of this scavengerie, and will end this department of it by the following, which is in the newspaper, but not in the pamphlet.

"Yet, in his *generous* nature, there was no *taint of avarice*."

It was an afterthought to deny him *generosity*.

CHAPTER III.

III. EXORDIUM.

"In this man's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light." — SHAKESPEARE.

"I CAN only say, I have done what I could," says Mr. Parker in his preface; and one can scarcely go through with this "Discourse," as he is pleased to term it, without the full conviction that he *has* done what he could. He has "left no stone unturned" in his own heart and brain; and out from under each he has dislodged the serpent coiled there, to hiss and strike at Mr. Webster's reputation.

He opens the Discourse with an allusion to "Bossuet, the eagle of eloquence."

He himself, in his foul-mouthed groping in the entrails of the dead, reminds one irresistibly of an obscene turkey buzzard, gobbling greedily at the body of a lion, with beak and claws that never dared to touch him living.

Was there ever such a vile, unscrupulous, unmanly, and dastardly attack as this preacher is guilty of, and that, too, under the garb of *reverence* and *affection* for the object of it?

At the outset this crocodile tear-spiller has the effrontery to say:—

"Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day!

Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulties of my position—its delicacy too.” (!)

One would suppose, after this touching exordium, that, like Shem and Japhet, he would have stepped backward, with the mantle of charity, to cover, even from his own eyes, the frailties of one he professed to venerate, and not like Ham have shown him up to public scorn and derision. But the curse of Ham will cling to him. No one ever dared to attack the lion living, and survived the onset. “One shake, one roar,” and all was over. We shall see, in the after career of this discourser, whether the proverb will or will not prove true, “better is a live dog than a dead lion.”

The “*delicacy of his position!*” aye, and his delicate behavior in it! We’ll not forget either of them—we’ll take care that they shall be remembered.

“I am no party man,” he remarks very naively, “you know that I am not.” He should have said, I am a “no-party” man, which is the most bigoted kind of a party man.

A little further on he says, “It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame.” Really? Is it for the information of the public that this important assertion is hazarded? What will the public say of the justice of the author of the Discourse after reading its heaps on heaps of blame? blame of all possible kinds, expressed in all possible ways. Blame by innuendo, by insinuation, by implication, by imputation, by accusation, by crimination. Blame of carelessness, imprudence, improvidence, dishonesty in speech, purpose, money: of malignity, revenge, tyranny, bigotry, impurity, etc. etc., to an amount which, if it were all put together, so that he could see it at one glance, would bring the blush of shame upon the cheek of Theodore Parker himself, even if the tell-tale blood were compelled to anastomose the million of dis-

severed capillaries through the hard cicatrice of his seared conscience on the long forgotten way to the brazen face.

Verily, "it is unjust to be ungenerous!"

"Most of you," continues he to his hearers, "are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope," this sanguine preacher goes on to say, "you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong." It is much to be doubted if those who sit long under such sermons as the one under notice will, for any great length of time, retain that power of discriminating. False reasoning, combined with unfair and untrue statement, illustrated by bad metaphor, must in time injure the mental and moral perceptions.

He again says, "give me your sympathies." For the honor of human nature, it is to be hoped he did not obtain what he asked, even from the great majority of those whom curiosity and love of novelty had drawn in to witness this *carion eucharist*.

As for those who already sympathized, they needed no pressing. Their ears were itching so violently that, at every harsh sentiment and savage accusation that scratched their tympanum, they all cried out, internally, "God bless" this theological "Duke of Argyle;" and so held up their ears to be scratched again to the end of the chapter.

They had all of them made up their faggot of opinions, and not a soul of them, the preacher included, would ever think of taking one out to examine it, for fear of loosening the bundle.

But the climax of this man's loathsome hypocrisy is yet to come. The reader has of course perused the Discourse, and knows with what it is filled—what is the staple article in its composition. Then judge what sort of a man he is who, on the second page of a Discourse made up of such material, can coolly say, "This I am

sure of,—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try and be as fair as the justice of a man." (!)

Just Heaven! how could even *that* man, *iste vir*, have had the foolhardy assurance to let such a sentence as that go out to the world in ineffaceable print, with such a damning proof of its falsehood, and his own baseness at the heels of it? "*Quem Deus vult perdere!*"

The fact is, there seems to be no truth at all in this man. He put that in because in and by itself it is beautiful; and if he had followed it up with "tenderness" and "justice," it would have remained "a thing of beauty" that would have been in his reader's mind "a joy forever;" but as it is, it shows like the rose in the cheek of an abominable harlot, breeding disgust continually. That man would sacrifice the holiest truth that ever emanated from the Divine heart for an affectation, a miserable affectation! Let him recall to mind, and lay to heart, and reduce to practice, a sentiment he uttered only six lines before, "Only the truth is beautiful in speech."

It is evident that Theodore Parker had anticipated the occasion of this Discourse—had considered its topics all over—had nursed its sentiments in his heart, and made swaddling clothes of words for them in his brain, while Daniel Webster lay upon his couch of sickness. It was to be his biggest gun he would bring out, and his heaviest shot was to be fired. When the time came, he was ready loaded, primed, and cocked. We can easily appreciate the "feeling sense" he had of his "present opportunities," when we find him divulging his exultation at the god-send of a great subject in the following terms: "Such a day as this will never come again to you and me. There is no Daniel Webster left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he."

No doubt of it. The weeping hyena would never have another grave like this to dig into and desecrate, so he must needs go at it "tooth and nail."

To end this chapter as it was begun, by a quotation.

"Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed;
For he's disposed as the hateful raven."

CHAPTER IV.

HIS INTRODUCTION.

"He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend." SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING accomplished his exordium to his evident satisfaction, Mr. Parker opens his preliminary observations by a metaphor that would be good if it were *true*.

The evident looseness and slipshodity of his style, annoying as it is to a reader who is at all particular in such matters, would have been left unnoticed in this review, if he had not informed us in his preface that he had taken pains to revise the Discourse, and so, as we may fairly infer, has given it deliberately to the world and the *critic*, as a production its author considered worthy of himself, the subject, and the occasion. This being the case, of course he will expect no quarter. At any rate, he will find the reviewer to be, as Walter Scott said, "one of the Black Hussars of literature, that neither give nor take quarter."

Not to detain the reader from the main subject of this chapter, we quote from the Discourse.

"A great man is the blossom of the world; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men."

The above sounds very oracular, *very*.

So a great man is all for show, and not for *use*, — he is a *blossom*, is he? Botany forbid! The "prophetic flower," prophesying of what? "Parent of seeds that will be men," — prophesying of "seeds?" But unless that flower matures into some sort of a fruit, its chance of a seedy progeny is very small. Is it not so?

It is not true that the great man is the blossom of the world; — he is rather "the crowning fruit of an era." In the *fruit stage*, the "seeds" are matured. What is the destiny of the individual blossom? It is to become an individual *fruit*.

"This," continues the preacher, "is the greatest work of God; (this 'blossom!') far transcending earth and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It (the blossom) is 'a little lower than the angels,' and, like the aloe tree, it (the blossom) blooms but once an age."

"Ye gods, and little fishes!" There is a figure, or rather a concatenation of figures. Hereafter, when our professors of rhetoric wish to illustrate, by an unmistakable instance, the subject of mixed metaphors, they will only have to refer the student to "Theodore Parker's Discourse," etc., top of the third page; and there they will find such an instance. They will there be taught that an apple blossom is greater and more perfect than an apple; that the great man *blossom* is the *greatest* work of God! — greater than the great man *fruit*! that this blossom blooms like the aloe *tree*!

But he says, "the great man is the blossom of the world," — that the world is by comparison a tree or shrub that blossoms like the aloe, only once in a century, and the

product of that blossoming is a great man! A great blow out, certainly.

But the world is *not* like the aloe that blooms but once an age. It blossoms evermore, continuously, with myriads of lovely infants, which day by day unfold until they drop off the white petals of negative innocence, and year by year, as fruits, they grow and ripen for eternity; and once an age there grows a great "apple of gold," which posterity put in the "silver pictures" of history for the benefit of coming ages.

Such a fruit was Daniel Webster, the generous wine of whose great mind shall revive, and exhilarate, and nourish the nations, long after this generation shall have ceased to scowl at the acrid verjuice of this sermonizer.

We have taken a long time to pull this flower of rhetoric in pieces. In fact, it was rather awkward to take hold of, because of its many salient incongruities.

One would have thought that common observation would have taught him that the *fruit* is the end or purpose of the productive process, as the apple, the nut, and the wheat, which is itself a seed and fruit alike. But the secret of the whole trouble lies in the fact that he is fond of the *showy*, and must needs incumber his metaphor by lugging in that much abused posy, the aloe. His rhetoric inevitably provokes the epithet "sophomorical."

But we pass on. Some ways down the page, we come to the following observation: "Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great." As an offset to this, we will merely remark that even the sea serpent, of Nahant, is only long, not thick!

On page fourth peeps out the "one idea" which underlies the whole of this man's philosophy. It appears in these three words, "the Eternal right," which shibboleth of this noparty man's party is, being by that party interpreted, "the freedom of the negro;" but which, reasoning ab-

stractly, might just as well be rendered, "the freedom of malefactors, lunatics, infants, idiots, and all persons whatsoever, whether their own good, the good of the family, the good of society, the good of a nation, the good of the whole world requires them to be kept in restraint for the present, or not.

It is easy to show what this "eternal right" is, however.

It is, "to act from the ruling motive of love to God and his creatures," and this motive no more rules Theodore Parker, to judge by his discourses, which are "full of malice and all uncharitableness," than it does the veriest "Legree" that ever blasphemed human nature on a cotton plantation. The fact is, that the reviewer, even in this apparently cruel castigation, is only carrying out his own ideas of universal good will, and acting up to the proverb, "a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

Strange as it may appear to a man of one idea, it is confidently claimed that all the love of God and his creatures does not reside in I, my, me, Theodore Parker, the ipse dixitizer of fallacious propositions, vile accusations, and inapt similes.

Those who have read the production herein under review, or even our extracts, will justify severity in the case; for a thing so brimming full of evidence, that its author is in the "gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity," does not out-black the blackness of the ink which it perverts; and Theodore Parker is so encased like an oyster in his shell of self-conceit, that nothing but the point of an unscrupulous knife will stand a chance of opening him to the light of common decency. We have undertaken this task, and we are bound to pry open the bivalves if the knife does not break, so "by the grace of God," the reader's interest in common justice, and our

own desire to do good in our day and generation, he shall not be "spared for his crying."

On page sixth, he says, "Little boys in the country working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks."

God has so constituted us that we cannot permanently profit by any such help in our "stints." The muscles of the arm will never grow and harden by the exercise of a proxy. The only true philosophy of life is to do each one his own work, every one in his proper sphere. He who has the great arm let him strike the heavy blow; he who has the nimble foot let him run the swift race; he who has the great head let him think the great thought. Let the great brother take care of the little brother, and let the little brother, whether an individual, or a race, be content to be taken care of until he too becomes a big brother. But by all means let no little brother "let his angry passions rise," because all little brothers must be kept under guardianship until they can take care of themselves, and make upward and onward progress, instead of falling backward into moral debasement and physical imbecility. And especially let not the high-strung little brother of one family meddle with the domestic concerns of another family, and because some little brothers get whipped, deny the propriety of keeping the little brothers under guardianship. And most especially of all, let not that high-strung little brother abuse the biggest brother of us all, because being great and tall, he saw things which the little brother could not see without being *boosted* up on the great brother's mighty shoulder.

Another quotation. "But it is not quite so easy to

recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante ; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him ? Why, the worst names we could devise, — infidel, atheist, blasphemer, hypocrite. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity."

The above is very easy of interpretation. Those who have been familiar with the public performances of the author of the Discourse will very readily understand who it is that, having been long called infidel, hypocrite, etc., is now in fear of martyrdom, and expects at some future day, "Heaven save the mark!" the honors of *apotheosis* ! This man has now for these ten years been taking his expected posthumous glory by anticipation, in regular weekly instalments, as a part of his stipend from the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston," and of late with freesoil-party-press incense thrown in. *He* in advance of the age ! He is merely befuddled with what he thinks to be intelligence "in advance of the mails." Let him take to heart the lesson of the poet,

" A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 But drinking largely sobers us again ! "

As to digging up the old cross of even the humblest martyr, to crucify this man upon. it would be a desecration. The only cross which comes to mind as at all appropriate to his case, is the one which bore the malefactor that railed upon our Saviour ; but even that would be disgraced by it, for the malefactor was made a railer by suffering, but this man by an overweening vanity.

We come now to another rich specimen of rhetorical

logic. Says the sententious sermonizer, "Any man can measure a walking-stick, — so many hands long, and so many nails beside ; but it takes a mountain intellect to measure the Andes and Altai." A decent illustration if true, but lacking the salt of truth ; although it may answer for off-hand preaching, it won't bear keeping between covers, and should not have been hazarded in printer's ink.

A walking-stick and a mountain are measured on precisely the same mathematical principles, and the intellect that can get at the height, thickness, or solid contents of a walking-stick, with its minute irregularities of carved head, tassel-hole, and tapering ferule, not to speak of a Niagara hickory stick, with its hooked top and numerous nodes, can get at the same particulars in respect to a mountain, give him *time* enough : the principle is the same, and so this walking-stick simile must go along with the "blossom."

In the hope that Mr. Parker may be persuaded to amend his style, we insert the following specimens, in which Parker and Shakespeare may be compared in the matter of manner and originality.

"Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day."

"See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east ;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent,
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident."

Is it possible that the preacher leaves out quotation marks on purpose ? "Pales her ineffectual fires" is very like an old acquaintance, and "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," which we find a little further on in the Discourse, has a singularly familiar sound to those who

learned to read in Murray's English Reader. The omission of the proper marks is unfortunate to say the least.

Again a quotation. "It is a false great man often gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson."

The application of the above is so obvious, that one cannot claim any merit in calling attention to it. When a coat is so apparent a fit to a back that is *unique* and *outrè* in its deformities, it need not be tried on to find out for whom it is adapted.

Here comes another mess of mixed metaphor, which might be pardonable in the heat of extemporizing, but what shall we say of it as a deliberate part and parcel of a much lauded discourse upon the death of Daniel Webster, revised and corrected for the press by the author?

"Dull Mr. Jingle urges along his restive, hard-mouthed donkey, besmouched with mire and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys; while, by his proper motion, swanlike Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new-lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and his singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky."

Not exactly "with the tenderness of woman's love," but certainly with the justice of a lover of good rhetoric, we would suggest that the discourser should not let his great thoughts so run away with him, but get discretion to assist him to "hold them in and let them trot." First he gives us Mr. Jingle, in appropriate and laughable style. So far, good; he is on terra firma with his metaphor, and seems quite at home with the donkey and the muddy road; but when he rises into the sky, he cuts a curious "figure."

If it was John Milton's "proper motion" to fly like a swan, all that can be said is that he flew very awkwardly,

and showed a very homely pair of black legs! The swan is beautiful and graceful when floating on the surface of the stream, but a goose can beat him in flying all hollow. When Theodore gets through botany, and has a sufficient acquaintance with "blossoms," a course of natural history would not hurt his rhetoric.

The "figure" shows the marks of a good deal of carpentering, and all because he would persist in scaring up the swan from the stream, where she was floating so buoyantly, to trail her awkward paddles and penfeathers through the atmosphere.

It is quite evident that when he started out the "donkey," he had his eye on another quadruped, the winged courser, Pegasus, whom the muses, from time immemorial, have kept at livery for the use of aspiring mortals when they "had a desire to rise higher," and career through cloudland to hexametric, pentametric, and other thorough-paced measures. But the swan was pressed into the service instead, and made to perform in the aerial hippodrome of this rhetorical Franconi.

It is very plain that, having thus sent Milton out of sight, the preacher thought he had "done about enough for glory," in this particular line, for he immediately takes a new tack.

On pages ninth and tenth, he says, "Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York, or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So a minister who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, and to human welfare, — he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of

truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks thy 'kingdom come!'"

It has been seen of what stuff this man's rhetoric is made. Here is a specimen of his logic. A more perfect instance of the *non sequitur* can scarcely be found. The professor of rhetoric is already furnished;—here is a rich godsend to the professor of logic. How it follows that because the merchant must watch the markets to make money, and the politician watch politics to get office, that the minister must watch Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, particularly, may be "as clear as mud." Can anybody see it?

We reverence the priestly office, and him who is a true minister to the souls of his fellow men, and would not say a word in disparagement of *them*, but we cannot help seeing how much more appropriate it would be to this pseudo minister, this pseudo martyr, this pseudo *second Christ*, for such he aspires to be thought, if he had followed out his comparison as he began it, and, after making out the merchant and the politician to be wholly mercenary, treating all alike, he had made out the minister to be mercenary also. Instead of his present *non sequitur*, the following *sequitur* is at least in agreement with the rest of the argument. "A minister (one of them at least) watches the religious market, and carefully notes the fluctuations of popular sentiment. He marks in what article there is the *least competition*, because he intends to get a living by trading in such theological 'notions' as he can get the most profit from, and in which he can do the most business on the smallest capital."

So much for this specimen of logic; yet we shall find, further on, that this metaphor mangling logic bruiser has the puerile audacity to say that Daniel Webster was not a *reasoner*! "We must deny him the great reason"(!)

He has an evident taste for posies ; — on page eleventh he says, “ Hancock and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson, — each was a childless *flower*.” But as if to make the absurdity more glaring, he uses the word fruit in a single instance, a little further on, where he says, “ Here and there an American family continues to bear famous *fruit*.” This is an occasion too good to be lost, and he slips in a compliment to a leader of the free-soil party — this *no-party* man — in these terms:—

“ A single New England tree, rooted ” where ? “ far off in the Marches of Wales,” this *New England* tree ! “ is yet green with life, though it has twice *blossomed* with presidents.”

It is to be doubted whether the free-soil descendant of two presidents will thank him for insinuating that his father and grandfather being only *flowers* not *fruit*, he himself is as yet only a *bud*. However, there is no knowing what he may come to yet, if Theodore Parker shall continue to “ dig about and dung ” him.

It is to be hoped that by the time he has blossomed into the third president of the family, and like his venerated predecessors, has dropped off of the tree, and this discourser shall be called upon to deliver the eulogy, his “ flowers ” of rhetoric will have developed into “ fruits of sense,” or at least will not be as they are now, the unmistakable botanical evidence that their producer is poisonous.

There seems to be no end to this author’s perversions. He says “ Bacon, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant, died and left no sign,” meaning no children. In the original author it reads “ makes no sign ” and occurs in a scene where a dying man is speechless, and those about him wish to know the state of his mind. “ He dies and makes no sign ! ” The fact is, it seems to be a common trick with this “ juggler ” whom “ a Guinea

negro " would be to take " a greater man than Franklin." see Discourse, page 6, to use words in such a way as to get the advantage of their *prestige* in the reader's mind, yet give the original author no credit.

On page 12 we find the following: "A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle,—the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatalest foe and treads his master under his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round." This is at first view a plausible comparison, — very striking, but like all of this author's *great things* it is "lath and plaster," and will not bear examination. A "great mind" is no mere embodiment of brute force, employed like an elephant by the commander, but he is himself a *leader*, and never "turns round" unless some of the *little minds* behind him get to thinking themselves great, and so attempt to injure the commander, and lead the army astray. Then indeed he "turns round" with a vengeance, and there is havoc and consternation among the Allens, the Ingersolls, the Manns, and the Parkers, — they lose henceforth their power to injure, and their corporalships together.

The following is quoted as a curiosity of modest self-appreciation,—mark the *I's*. "Hence *I* spoke of Dr. Channing whose word went like morning over the continent. Hence *I* spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not *fear* to point out every error *I* thought *I* discovered in the great man's track which ended so proudly in the right;" (that is in free-soil;) "and *I* did homage to all the excellence *I* found though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence *I* spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man but available, and accidentally in a great station."

The discourser winds up his preliminary remarks as follows:—

“So much, my friends, and so long,” and we will venture to put in so *narrow* and so *shallow* “as preface to this estimate of a great man.”

CHAPTER V.

HIS NARRATIVE.

“O, while you live tell truth and shame the devil.” SHAKESPEARE.

WE come now to the narrative portion of the Discourse, and review the first brief sketch with a feeling of relief—for a wonder there are several pages that are nearly unexceptionable. In reading it the heart is warmed with a glow of admiration at the worthy example which the early years of Daniel Webster's life present for the benefit and imitation of the young men of America. Even the author of the Discourse comes in for a share of kindly approval, and were we not aware of his besetting sin, the love of producing an effect, we should even in this review award him a meed of praise; but when a little further on he opens upon him with the fell intent of making it appear that the noblest part of his reputation belongs to another, our loathing returns in greater force than ever, and we feel that we have left the “*flowery*” fields of metaphor where the deadly nightshade “blossoms” flourish in the mockery of beauty, only to advance into the noisome den where its poison is distilled, and concentrated for the murderer's use.

It is in vain to try to alter the current of our commentary. Even here in the simple narrative occur some

characteristic specimens in the flower and figure line. On the seventeenth page we read, "Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place."

If the discourser can point out any particular and *peculiar* resemblance between the school and the ark of the Lord, he would do the world a favor to give it in some future discourse. The only resemblance herein alluded to seems to be their mutual *movability*, and that resemblance is shared with Obed Edom's "new cart;" see 2 Samuel, chapter 6, beginning at the third verse, and the simile might just as logically be made to read thus, "a movable school that new cart." If he had said a school which, like the ark of the Lord, was moved from place to place until a fitting permanent resting-place was prepared for it, the figure would do well enough; but to make the one the actual unqualified representative of the other, and their names synonymous, requires that they be more nearly identical than a school and the ark of the covenant appear to be. Possibly the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society have had their minds enlarged to the extent of a full appreciation of the resemblance, but the New Music Hall in Boston will not hold us all, and if we are mistaken in the criticism, the point is really worthy of a separate discourse. Will not the "minister, etc." take it into consideration?

Further on we fall in with another characteristic metaphor. He says, "But Mr. Wood had small Latin, and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider

to the top of Mount Washington ; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help."

The above "gem of purest ray serene" must have cost the diver at least ten years' shortening of his natural life to bring it up from its "dark unfathomed cave," and the reader is exhorted to admire it accordingly. To mix the metaphor a little by way of adaptation to the subject, this chimeratic eructation from a weak and dyspeptic mental stomach, this conceit conceited, not conception conceived, this rhetorical Macduff, not born, but ripped out by carelessness or misdemeanor, with "the mother's mark" of the clouds and the cow yard upon it, half eagle, half cider barrel, is intended to illustrate the fact that Daniel Webster could learn Latin and Greek with but little external assistance, while somebody else had a hard time of it with a regular ox-team to help him ! Dan is the eagle plain enough, but who upon earth is the cider barrel ? Out with it, Theodore ; is it *you* ? No, that cannot be, for you are a teetotaller, and besides it is evident by this time that you don't hold much more than a pint. The question must lie over for the next issue of not Putnam's Monthly, but Parker's Weekly, when we shall no doubt be enlightened upon the profound speculation, "have we an intellectual cider barrel amongst us ?"

There is now and then a good metaphor in this "Discourse," but it is a remarkable fact that they are only to be found where by accident a *truth* has been embodied. Take for instance this, on page 16.

"The mother, one of the 'black Eastmans,' was quite a superior woman. It is often so. When *virtue leaps high in the public fountain* you seek for the lofty spring of *nobleness*, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets." So then "*virtue*"

did "leap high in the public fountain," that is the breast of Webster, after all! What contradiction! Mr. Parker let this stand in the "pamphlet" because he thought it did him credit as a writer. It is one of his miserable *affectations* after all.

After this brief notice of Webster's early youth, the author goes on to mention, with some short comments, the most prominent public incidents in his life, and continuing, gives the chronology of his various calls to public stations, calling this a condensed map of his outward history, after which he says,

"Look next at the headlands of his life."

Up to this time the hostile intentions of the preacher have not been openly disclosed; but then follows the most direct, determined, and diabolically reckless attack that the Discourse contains. An attack that seems to have been conceived in a wanton disregard of rational consideration and impartial inference.

No wonder that Theodore Parker says, on page 82, "We must deny to Mr. Webster the great Reason!" He is not constituted for an appreciation of "the great Reason." He knows not how to lay the foundation of an argument. His Archimedean lever with which he vainly imagines he moves the world, when he merely sways his own coterie, not only lacks the *point d'appui*, the stable fulcrum, but is indeed no Archimedean lever at all, but only the showman's "long pole," with which, projected from *himself*, and having no other *purchase*, he stirs up the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston," and when the New Music Hall reverberates their growls of applause,* he thinks it is an earthquake.

To build a building, one must have a foundation. It

* When the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society are pleased, they laugh aloud, and when they particularly approve the sentiment, they applaud in the style of the pit of a theatre.

will not do to *assume* the basis of an argument. Theodore Parker assumes that slavery, *per se*, is wrong,—he argues among other things, from that assumption, that Daniel Webster told a three hours' lie, in the Senate Chamber, on the seventh of March, 1850. In this he is like Sindbad the Sailor, who, with his companions, landed on a whale's back, assuming it to be an island; but when they had got their fires well to burning, the whale dove, and they all went under. So Parker and his crew have landed on ungrounded sentiment, that is "very like a whale." They have got together a good deal of drift-wood, waifs and estrays on the flood of error, and are assaying to make a beacon light with their rubbish, for the benefit of mariners; but when the fire has got well to burning, and the monster's thick cuticle begins to fry, we shall see them all submerged; and while the fishy affair they assumed to be so solidly grounded goes downward out of sight, they'll all be seen paddling for dear life.

Having received a wholesome lesson, it is to be hoped that they will make some point of the mainland, where their lives may be prolonged to warn others not to make an island of a whale's back.

Daniel Webster was remarkable for the breadth and solidity of the foundation of his argument. So far from mistaking some monster of ocean for an island, and using it as such, he never took so small a position as an island. He used a continent at least, often a hemisphere, and sometimes the four quarters of the globe, as his foundation. Keeping this fact in view, we quote the entire attack upon his fame as a constitutional jurist, and, allowing all the facts put forth in it, (of whose truth we neither know nor care to know,) we take the broad ground that they prove nothing.

We quote Discourse, page 22: "I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a

lawyer, — as an ‘expounder of the Constitution.’ Unfortunately (!) it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr. Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge Story. The publication of the correspondence between those gentlemen will perhaps help settle the matter; but still, much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth (!) during personal interviews, and that must forever remain hidden from all but him who gave, and him who took.” (How peurile must this appear to those who knew Daniel Webster! Does any one believe that in their intellectual barter, Daniel Webster went away in debt even to such a man as the erudite Story? “*Par nobile fratrum*”—they each gave and each took of the other what seldom comes from human lips. Happy would it have been for Mr. Parker if he could have picked up even the “crumbs that fell” from their rich table, albeit no Lazarus in any thing but his present destitution.) “However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr. Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. (!) (One would suppose a dry bucket would scarcely hold water even from another man’s well. He should have said *well* instead of bucket, but his rhetoric is incorrigible.) Mr. Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr. Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder.” (where is Jupiter *Tonans* all this time? “in thunder, lightning, or in rain,” all is one to our rhetorician. When will “the chair” at Cambridge be vacant?) “for his speeches and private rain for his own public tanks of law.” (Even that is better than to expectorate upon the public as Mr. Parker does.) The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. (Mr. Webster had business enough to have employed a good many in getting his cases ready

for him.) He went on this aquilician business, asking aid, now in a bankruptcy bill in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of the law of nations in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the north-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and if you furnish them I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly for the next three months." (Well, what if he did? does it follow, because Story sometimes furnished lights that Daniel Webster had no eyes? Does it follow that a man does not see, because another man sells him the best winter strained oil?) And again, July 16, 1842, he writes, "*Nobody but yourself can do this.*" (Story was a regular legal whale it seems, with a head full of the best kind of spermaceti!) "But alas! in his later years the beneficiary sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the higher law." "Much of Mr. Webster's fame as a constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs. Mason and Smith, in the previous trial of the case."

This attack on Webster's fame as a constitutional lawyer, reminds one of a silly ram butting a boulder of granite. It does not hurt the boulder, but the animal recoils with a half summersault that lands him on his back.

We commend to our author for a warning, the example of the pertinacious piece of mutton we read of, whose

master, determined to cure the vicious animal of enacting such frequent battery, hung up a billet of wood under a tree, and leaving the *vir gregis* butting away at sundown with commendable and pains-taking perseverance, repaired to the scene at sunrise the next day, and found the animal all used up but the tail, and that was travelling back and forth like a weaver's shuttle. What we wish our author to take particular notice of, is the fact, that the billet of wood does not appear to have sustained any material injury, but the animal was evidently "*in extremis*."

It is well known that Daniel Webster was remarkable for his faculty of getting just the right kind of information from the right kind of men. He did not pretend to know every thing intuitively, — no truly great man pretends it. He had the good sense to gather materials from their proper sources. He could, doubtless, have got at truth, even from Theodore Parker, by his skill in the *reductio ad absurdum*. He loved to converse with what are called *common men*, not only about common things, but public affairs, and political principles. His neighbors in Marshfield know about that. He did not shut himself up as closely as an oyster in a shell of self-conceit, and reason of the universal world from a grain or two of sand that was inclosed in it; nor yet, like the spider, did he spin a web from his own private and peculiar abdomen. He asked, and he received of others.

He was an architect, not a dealer in bricks, and granite, and lime, — in lumber, and nails, and paint. He obtained his materials of those who could best furnish them. He had not time to do every thing, — his mind had no opportunity to go into minute details, but was he any less the architect?

Does Nicholas govern Russia? It is supposed that he

does ; but by and by Theodore Parker will be travelling that way, and come across a letter of his, inquiring how large an amount of powder there is at Cronstadt, and then he will proclaim that the keeper of the public powder in Cronstadt is emperor of all the Russias, and not this much-talked-of Nicholas.

Grant that Mr. Justice Story, whose fame is the priceless property, and one of the noblest honors of America, did give Daniel Webster much information upon international and other departments of law ; did not Coke, and Littleton, and Blackstone, and Vattell give much information to Mr. Justice Story ? and will any one pretend, because he availed himself of all the sources of legal and juridical information, posthumous or contemporary, to which he could gain access, that any one of Joseph Story's masterly argumentary juridical decisions was any the less his own ?

It is not the material, but the combination of material that makes the argument.

Away, then, with this most preposterous pretence of doubt as to Daniel Webster's merit as a constitutional advocate and lawyer ; and away, too, with this denier of "the great Reason," who does not argue, but *blunders*, that Daniel Webster was not really the "Expounder of the Constitution." Let him get off betimes from the slimy, slippery back of his anti-slavery whale, before his beacon fire burns into the quick, and he is submerged ;—let him scramble into his shallop ; hoist sail ; ply oar ; and hasten to plant himself upon the solid "world" which Webster "bestrides like a colossus ;" let him betake himself to some good professor of rhetoric and logic, in a favorable place for botanical observation ; and, if he can get a chance, support himself meanwhile, by hiring out to feed and stir up the animals for some keeper of a zoological garden, and so learn the use of metaphor, the chopping

of logic, the fructification of flowers, and the difference between the Black Swan and the poet's Pegasus.

But if, after all, he should prove naturally incapable of proper instruction, and should emerge upon the disgusted world with his old stock of "blossoms," and "donkeys," and "movable schools," and "cider barrels," then, for the benefit of the rising generation portion of the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society," for whose rhetoric and logic we have a kindly regard, we hereby publicly offer our friendly aid, that this literary ape may no more climb the rhetorical pole without having his "unprotected parts"* of speech properly cared for. We will be his Jupiter Pluvius, and sprinkle his "blossoms" from all unseemliness, while he remains "*sub tegmine fragi*," or if that gives him too much *umbrage* we will take him *supra nimbum* until the shower is over, and "Jupiter Tonans" shall never divulge it, so much as by a single thunderclap.

If this does not suit him, and he continues to transgress, we will enter suit against him in the name of the Muses, for a trespass upon Parnassus, in tramping over the flower-beds in jack-boots, and hitching his hobby-horse to the columns of the temple of Fame.

One of the worst features of this attack on Mr. Webster, is the hypocrisy manifested. Mr. Parker laid his plan very deep, as he thought. He begins by a deliberate endeavor to create the impression, that he loved and admired Daniel Webster, that he might gain a position in the reader's mind from which he could administer his poison the more effectually; but, notwithstanding his artfulness, his internal nature will poke out its snake-head, now and then, prematurely. He begins the work of detraction, by craftily assuming to pity Webster's sad deficiencies in accurate scholarship. He follows with an at-

* See Discourse, page 80.

tack on his legal fame. He goes on insidiously to awaken the prejudices of democrats, by artfully holding him up as a red-hot, anti-patriotic federalist, quoting from newspapers the most virulent expressions he can lay hold of, endeavoring all the while to give the impression that these are Mr. Webster's sentiments, and in fact winding up a list of vile extracts, abusive of the democrats, by saying in so many words, "such was the language of Mr. Webster, and the party he served." To make this bare-faced misrepresentation appear in all its unscrupulous malignity, we will quote Theodore Parker's language in full, that the reader may see how much of the language he quotes is from Mr. Webster. We begin on page 29. Let the reader look for himself, and see if our extract is fairly made, and includes all it purports to include. We quote from the Discourse.

"Said a leading federal organ, 'The Union is dear; commerce is still more dear.' 'The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their commerce.'

"With the federalists there was a great veneration for England. Said Mr. Fisher Ames, 'The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in British oak.' 'Our country,' quoth he, 'is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty.' 'England,' said another, 'is the bulwark of our religion,' and the 'shield of afflicted humanity.' A federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as 'enemies of England and monarchy,' and accused the democrats of 'antipathy to kingly power.' Did democrats complain that our prisoners were ill treated by the British, it was declared 'foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government!' Americans expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton—burning houses and violating the women. Said the federal newspapers, 'It is

impossible that their (the British) military and naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane.” (Did any of these papers, Mr. Parker, ever say that any particular person was “HONEST,” “OPEN, ENGLISH; NOT YANKEE!”) “Mr. Clay accused the federalists of ‘plots that aimed at the dismemberment of the Union,’ and denounced the party as ‘conspirators against the integrity of the nation.’

“In general, the federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an ‘incidental evil.’ ‘Great Britain,’ said the Massachusetts legislature, ‘has done us no essential injury: she was fighting the battles of the world.’ They denied that she had impressed ‘any considerable number of American seamen.’ *Such was the language of Mr. Webster and the party he served.*”

There are the extracts,—there is the closing assertion.

Will it be credited that Mr. Parker had not quoted one single, solitary word, syllable, or letter from Mr. Webster when he says, “*Such was the language of Mr. Webster?*” Such is indeed the fact. Is it too severe in view of this to say that “the truth is not in him?” If so, what *additional* amount of misrepresentation would be necessary to make the application just?

Fortunately for this traducer of the dead, he is amenable to no “council.”* But there is a council that will take cognizance of this matter—the council of a discriminating public. Hereafter let Mr. Parker stand up to teach religion at his peril. Who will sit and hear him?

* Mr. Parker was *self-installed* over the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society.

Four more entire pages are devoted to this subject of federalism, and extract on extract quoted from newspapers, and speeches of distinguished partisans, upon the democratic side, all calculated to give the reader the impression that the man who could be so savagely vituperated must have been a monster of political iniquity: and this precious *omnium gatherum* is spread out over these four pages of this Discourse, for the sole purpose, as he naively remarks, and *repeats* the remark, of what does the reader suppose? Why this: "I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times." He does, really! We do all understand the temper of those times, and, in addition, we fully understand the temper of the abhorrent *ghoul* who thus roots up the filth of the buried past, to foul with it the sacred grave of the recent dead. The *grave* of the dead? Nay, worse. The dead man, when he began the Discourse, was not yet buried. It was to defile with it the coffin and the shroud, nay, even the very flowers which a sad household then were strewing as the fragrant tribute, typical of a wife's holy love, and an only son's affection. In view of this horrid profanation, we are impelled to say with Cassio, "If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — *devil!*"

In the entire eight pages which are devoted to the subject of Mr. Webster's relations to federalism, there is *one single quotation* from Mr. Webster himself! Believe it or not,—look for yourselves,—only one single quotation! This quotation we give, that the height and the depth, and the length and the breadth, of Mr. Webster's offending, even in those times, when everybody else was taxing the English language to the uttermost to enrich their vituperative vocabulary, may be fully apparent.

Here follows the solitary quotation: "I honor," said he, "the people that shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and

humanity dictate, and such as none but *cannibals* would wish to eradicate from the human heart."

On page 35 we are introduced to the discourser's grand hobby, his *cheval de bataille*, the "slavery question." How he could have loitered so long in the rhetorical *parterre* among the "blossoms," while that redoubtable steed, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight," stood by the horse-block, neighing for his rider, is indeed a wonder, for the discourser's place is decidedly in the saddle, and not among the flowers. When settled in the seat, his toes in the stirrups, and his long pole in rest, he is a regular moral Paladin, or, bating that, a Don Quixotte at least. For a Sancho Panza to match, the reader may take his pick among abolition editors.

But, after all, we find he has not yet mounted,—he merely called the horse by name to silence his neighings, and pacify him for a little longer. He occupies some pages more with brief glances at Mr. Webster's public life, retailing some things, omitting others, and keeps up a running accompaniment of innuendo, insinuation, and sometimes direct accusation, with now and then an imputation upon his honor and honesty. The object of all this is perfectly plain. He is trying to enlist his hearers and readers against Mr. Webster, that, when he finally gets on horseback, he may run him down with the full approbation of all concerned, and his *hobby-horse* get the glory of the victory.

Is he sly in this? Is he crafty? this theologian—this "stand-by-for-I-am-holier-than-thou" philanthropist, who monopolizes all the *honesty*, and allows none to Daniel Webster?

We would seriously say to honest men of the same political party with this minister, are you willing to trust such an evident trickster? Are the elements of even common honesty in him? Will you allow him to make

a bridge of this Discourse from the rostrum of the New Music Hall in Boston to any political office? He means to use you by and by.

Are the seeds of greatness in him?

If they are they "blossom" at times with some queer looking "flowers," and we look in vain for fruit.

Let it be here fully understood that we blame no man for an honest opinion, and a fair expression of it; nor for open, undisguised hostility, displayed in subordination to the ordinary decencies of life. It is natural that men should differ — differ widely — sometimes, in this world, irreconcilably, and we blame no man for it. If this man, Theodore Parker, had used no unfairness — been guilty of no mean subterfuges — outraged no man's feelings by indecent expressions, we would never have opened our mouth in any thing but pure argument, even though he had treated Daniel Webster's character with thrice triple severity. With Dr. Johnson, we "like an honest hater," and respect him too; but we neither like, nor respect, a mean, sneaking, canting hypocrite who "takes a man by the beard" as if to kiss him, and then "stabs him under the fifth rib." With honest Mercutio we can't help saying of such an enemy,

"Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death!"

In referring to Webster's Reply to Hayne there was opportunity, if Theodore Parker had any desire for such an opportunity, to have said something in hearty praise of the man, but that did not suit, either his disposition, or his general design. In this part we plainly discern the preacher's hostility to the Union — his leaning towards nullification. Perhaps this Pilate of Massachusetts will make friends, and strike hands with some Herod of South Carolina, on this question. The result of such

conjunction might bear some resemblance to the "figures" with which this "Discourse" is adorned.

In the matter of the "Ashburton Treaty," so called, it has been seen that Theodore Parker has the conceited impertinence, in his last edition, to deny Daniel Webster any credit whatever! See extracts.

Verily, it is high time to send Theodore to Congress; he evidently knows more than anybody else on the "great questions." "He is the man; wisdom will die with him." Let us make haste and secure his services before "Death," who "loves a shining mark," shall deprive us of the privilege.

When we all know that the English press abounded in expressions to the effect that "the great Yankee had overreached, and outwitted Ashburton," and caricatures were published in London representing the same thing, we shall not need to trouble ourselves with this yelp of depreciation from the rostrum of the New Music Hall, which never would have appeared in print if its author had been nine days old in political knowledge and understanding. Let him get his eyes open before he begins to be dogmatic on a great question like that.

When any persons whose opinions in matters of statesmanship are of any consequence accept the views of Theodore Parker on this treaty matter, it will be time enough to treat this attack seriously. Until that fabulous period we leave his argument untouched, and pass on to his closing flourish of rhetoric, at which we pause a moment; for his benefit and that of our schoolboys. We quote: "After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842 in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned or affected to scorn the littleness of

party, and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation: a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,—the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.”

It is with unfeigned reluctance that we meddle with this metaphor. We would have much rather let it stand, for it escapes as it were by a mere half inch being truly magnificent—worthy of the subject, worthy of the occasion. But it must be done. The knife must go into this gas-bag, and down must he come without even a parachute to break his fall. We hope and trust, if it does not break his neck, it will teach him to fly in a safe and proper manner hereafter, or else remain below, which latter is the course we would recommend to him.

We pass over the dubious question of the propriety of impending “*thunder*,” which he uses instead of thunder-cloud, because he wanted to use cloud again in the next line, and proceed to remark that it is a well established fact that “ground-lightning” makes no *noise*, and therefore it is a blunder to represent Webster as *thundering* “ground-lightning” into a cloud. Many a man has seen a thunderbolt dart downward to the earth, and heard the deafening thunder; but who has ever seen a thunderbolt go *up into a cloud* with any similar explosion?—and if they have seen it, did it seem to hurt the cloud? The fact is, to treat this matter good-naturedly, it wont do at all, Theodore. It is contrary to nature. Yes, contrary to the classic writers also. You have read the classical

dictionary, Mr. Parker,—you know some Latin and some Greek. You are aware that Jupiter, *Olympian* Jupiter, had a seat up aloft, and when he was in ill humor used to discharge his wrath and his thunderbolts together upon mortals below; while deep in the bowels of mother earth old Vulcan had set up his forge, Mount Ætna was his chimney, and there he forged the thunderbolts for the Father of gods and men: but do you think that Jupiter would ever have tolerated the carelessness of having the new thunderbolts *shot* up into the Olympian regions, with *Olympian* noise and “power?” No, no. He would have had Juno and the young ones about his ears incontinently if he had. You must acknowledge it would look *careless*. But Vulcan knew better. The “lame Lemnian” had an eye to business, and, when he had a quantity sufficient for a load, he sent them up quietly on a dumb waiter!

Seriously, the mythology of the ancients embodies a good deal of philosophical truth in figurative language. Just imagine Olympian Jupiter standing down below upon the ground, and throwing his thunderbolts upward at the clouds! The hidden cause of the discourser’s failures in the figure line is to be found in his fondness for the sonorous, in consequence of which he sometimes gives us “*vox et preterea nihil*.” “Great ground-lightning sounded so well in his ear, that he either, in his admiration of the noise it made, forgot to examine into its correctness, or, which is more probable, from his repeated blunders of that sort, did not know any better.

He criticise Daniel Webster! He deny the “great reason!”

It is recommended as a step to the improvement of his style, that he peruse the Eulogies of Everett, Hillard, Sanborn, and Choate upon the subject of this Discourse. Let him, in those beautiful tributes to the great departed, find, if he can, any donkeys and swans — eagles and eider

barrels—blossoms and ground-lightning, or any other “unprotected parts” of speech.

If he would improve his reasoning faculties, let him study the congressional speeches of Webster, Everett, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Buchanan, etc., and learn from them to exercise comprehensive reason, and the severity and simplicity of legitimate logic and rhetoric. Bronze and gilt may do for “The Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society,” but the Senate of the United States discards every thing but genuine bullion.

If he must continue to be *flowery*, let him study Shakespeare, who makes a kingly “progress,” scattering his glittering coinage as a monarch scatters “largess;” all pure gold with the legal stamp of genius on it, not the fallacious “brass of the property-man,” with no recognizable stamp at all.

CHAPTER VI.

“THE HIGHER LAW.”

*“All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.” — POPE.*

FROM the forty-ninth page to the end, the “Discourse” is devoted to a consideration of Mr. Webster’s course on the slavery question, and the vilest and most indecent abuse of his private character. He is accused of every enormity, and the basest motives unsparingly imputed to him. As all this flows out of Mr. Parker’s holy zeal for what he is pleased to term “the higher law,” we shall let this portion go, after what has already been said of it,

and *extracted* from it. The reader has already been regaled with some of its "baser parts."

We proceed to give a nutshell statement of our view of "the slavery question," and "the higher law." Before God, we honestly believe as follows:—

It is not wrong *per se* to hold property in human beings.

In all civilized countries, *children* are held as *property* by their parents until they are "of age." Their parents are not required to give them any compensation but food and clothing. The parents can whip them at their discretion, without judge or jury, if no undue severity is exercised. The parents can *sell* them to a master, giving that master all of their own rights except selling again, and our laws recognize this sale as valid and binding until they are twenty-one if males, and eighteen if females.

Will any one deny the propriety of the law on this point? If they do not, then the question of the *abstract right* to hold human beings as *property* is settled. It is right under *proper circumstances* to so hold them and *sell* them.

The question of abstract right being thus plainly settled, the question arises, under what circumstances may human beings be rightfully held as property?

The answer is plain. When the *real good* of those most concerned *requires* it. Will any one dispute this point? If not, let us next inquire whether the *real good* of those most concerned, requires that the negroes at the south, like minors all over the land, should be *held as property*?

We believe that the three millions of negroes at the South are very far in advance of *any three millions* of the country from which they originally came. Will any one undertake to deny that? They are better fed and clothed. Better cared for in sickness and old age. Better instructed in the useful arts of life, and are far higher in

the scale of general intelligence. Better instructed in religion and common virtue. Their moral conduct is *vastly* better than that of their "fetish" worshipping countrymen in Africa, even in the matter of the *marriage relation*, about which so much is said, for in Africa, travellers tell us, there prevails the most *absolute promiscuity*. Will any one deny any thing stated so far?

We believe that the negro of the South, although so much improved, is not *yet* fit for freedom, and would fall back into barbarism, and moral and physical degradation, if now set free. *The emancipation of the negro in the West Indies seems to have been brought about by the providence of God to instruct us in this matter.* Those who feel interested, and who doubt this opinion, are invited to inquire into the matter, and see for themselves. Would it not be wise to look before we leap in this thing? Are we sure that by ill-timed effort, and injudicious agitation, we are not endangering the future welfare of a whole wide continent? That we are not taking measures to prevent the enlightenment and Christianization of Africa? Is not this of importance enough to be looked at?

Does this view militate against the true democratic principle? If so, how is it in regard to minors? Is it contrary to true republicanism to keep *them* under guardianship until they are able to take care of themselves? If not, is it contrary to true democratic principles to keep a *race* under guardianship?

We are capable of self-government, and for *us* it is the only proper form, but is it so all the world over? Look at it full in the face. What do you think?

Have we been doing to the South as *we would be done by* in this matter? Have we approached them in the *proper spirit*? Has our conduct towards them been characterized by *kindness* and *charity*?

We sincerely believe that it would be better for all

concerned if northern Americans would cease to irritate their southern countrymen for some years, and see what result that course would bring about.

In the meanwhile, we believe that it is the duty of our friends and fellow-countrymen at the South to take up the subject seriously, and see if *they* are doing all that can be done for their "little brother," and if there is any thing more that can be done *safely*, and in a wise *prudence* for the inferior race, do it, even if it costs *trouble* and *money*.

We also believe that it is *our* duty, as Americans, to do all that we can to enable our countrymen at the South to carry out the wise and benevolent designs which would be sure to be started, in the fulness of their generous hearts, if we would let them *wholly alone*.

It is our duty to swallow down our prejudices and mistaken pity, even as the tender parent swallows down his rising heart, when called upon by *duty* to go contrary to his tenderest feelings in correcting the faults of his darling child.

Before God, the searcher of all hearts, we believe all this, and we earnestly commend this view of the subject to our candid countrymen. Remember the fable of the sun and the traveller's cloak. Let us no longer bluster fiercely about our southern countrymen, but let us pour upon them the warm and penetrating rays of a genial friendship and a tender regard, and see if they do not relax their hold on their cloak of reserve and resistance, and, in due and proper time, when *they choose*, and when *they think best*, remove it, not torn into rags and tatters by the bitter northern blast, but taken safely and quietly off, and laid carefully by as no longer needed. Then, as fellow-countrymen, we can cordially consult with each other, as to the best course to pursue in view of the eventful past, and the momentous future, in view

of the best interests of the negro, both here and in Africa, of our own race, and the universal brotherhood of mankind.

Our appeal is now to the *real* philanthropist to say if this is not worth the trial. Let human love henceforth prevail, "let brotherly love continue," "and God, even our own God, will give us his blessing."

This is our *conscientious* view of this matter: are our countrymen who have disapproved of the 7th of March speech prepared to deny us the great *fundamental right of conscience*? Are *they* the only ones who have a right to go by "the higher law?" As to Theodore Parker, he scoffs at the Bible — his Discourse has not even the usual preliminary *text* — he scoffs at the entire Christian community, and we do not consider it proper to "cast the pearls" of argument "before swine;" we have put the ring of a thorough exposure in his snout, and now let him root if he *can*.

But we do desire to expostulate, reasonably and calmly, with the honest anti-slavery men. Again we ask, is it well to deny the right of conscience to me, and those who honestly think with me? Did you ever look at this matter in this light before? My conscience, guided by the best instruction my reason can appreciate, inclines me to support the "compromise measures" as the best thing that can be done for the *real* and *permanent good* of all interested. Are you prepared to say that we are all "dishonest," "robbers," "murderers," "man-stealers," and the like? Do you really *believe* that we are sinning against our reason, our conscience, and our own souls in this matter, and that *you only* are obeying the "higher law of God?" Did you ever look at this matter of the "higher law" from this point of view? All we ask is the same freedom of conscience which you yourselves claim.

May we not enjoy it, and yet escape being called by every abusive epithet in the English language?

We leave it for the *candid consideration* of the *honest*.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARACTER OF WEBSTER.

*"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."* — SHAKESPEARE.

It is easy to read the character of Daniel Webster.

He was "open as the day," and generous as the sun.

Even his traducer, in his first edition, says he was "open, honest, and above-board"—"if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king."

Nature in giving him great gifts of intellect, and the most generous affections, must needs stint him somewhere; and how did she do it? Let his traducer answer. "*In his generous nature was no taint of avarice.*" He had not even common worldly prudence in mere personal money matters.

In his absence of mind, absorbed in the contemplation of an important case, he has been known to make a stopper for his inkstand of a fifty dollar bill retaining fee!

Meeting once a poor woman in the street, he listened kindly to her tale of wo, and putting his thumb and finger into his vest pocket to give according to his feelings, finding there a single bank note, all he had, he gave, passed on, and left the wondering suppliant gazing after his majestic form, with a bill for twenty dollars in her trembling fingers!

This unthinking generosity made men lavish in their

gifts to *him*. It was as natural for them to give to Daniel Webster, as it is to smile in the answering face of the warm-hearted.

He was exceedingly tender in his feelings. The author of this review, at that time a student, sat near to Daniel Webster in the old meeting-house in Lexington, while that princely orator, Edward Everett, was delivering his oration, on the occasion of removing the bones of "*the slain*," to lay them down in a fitting bed in the shadow of the monument erected to the memory of "the battle." The pew in which we sat was on the side aisle, cornering upon the one where Webster sat, and we often turned to look back at him. The orator proceeded, and we became so much interested in the recital of the events of the "day of Lexington," that we forgot every thing else, until just as Everett had concluded the simple but most affecting narrative of the death of Harrington, who staggered from the field to pour out his heart's blood, and die on his own threshold, at the feet of that wife who was thus cruelly cheated of a last embrace — just at this moment our fellow-student and companion, now, alas! no more, whispered excitedly in our ear, "Just look at 'Old Dan.'" We looked, and there he sat, with the *warm tears* falling fast down those swarthy cheeks, and the broad breast heaving with intense emotion. It was a sight to be laid up to think upon, for a lifetime.

Yet some men say that Daniel Webster was selfish and cold-hearted! It was his fortune to be maligned above ordinary men.

He "wore his" noble "heart upon his sleeve," and "daws pecked at" it continually.

We come now to consider his intellect.

Some men look upon a subject as a squirrel looks upon an acorn, as a thing to put sharp teeth into, that they may swallow the meat. Such a man is the author of the Discourse.

Others, in the acorn, truth, see the oak from which it originated, and the future oak, father of acorns, of which it is the germ, and plant it for the benefit of coming ages. Such a man was Daniel Webster.

Mr. Parker says "he must deny him the great reason."

"Not to know Daniel Webster" as a great reasoner, "argues himself not only unknown," but unknowable as such.

Let us examine this matter. Some men reason as a hound follows the game, with their noses to the ground. They are good upon a scent, but if they lose it they are gone. Others can take in such a comprehensive view, that they see the entire course at one glance.

Mr. Parker's reasoner belongs to the former class.

Daniel Webster belongs to the latter. His comprehension was wonderful.

God does not reason step by step — he *sees*. He has the Infinite Understanding.

In his reason Webster was a finite image and likeness of the Infinite Creator, inasmuch that men, being impressed with his wonderful understanding, called him habitually "the godlike Webster." This was because within his finite range of observation, like the Creator in his infinite range of observation, he, in the sublime language of the Scriptures, "could see the end from the beginning!"

Mr. Parker's "denial of the great reason" is precisely the story of Minutius Specius Spectacus and the Colossus. He denies because he is incapable of seeing.

When Daniel Webster spoke, it was always evident that he was master of his subject — master of his audience — master of his adversary; and all because he was *master of himself*.

In his *general* power Mr. Webster was like a ship of the line. It took some time for him to "clear for action" —

to wear into position — to bring his guns to bear; — but when all was ready, his broadside was a storm of iron death to all that came within his range. Yet he could not bring his eloquence to bear upon a dinner table, any more than a seventy-four could discharge a broadside into the victualler's "bumboat" that lay close under the bows.

In displaying his *particular* power, to take another illustration, he selected some undisputed fundamental principle, and poised and pivoted on that, this intellectual "long-tom amidships" could send his single all-sufficient shot or shell, point blank, to any distance, and towards any quarter where a foe appeared of consequence enough to "pay for the powder;" and, withal, to borrow the suggestion of a simile from the rich store of our author, it was just as easy for this great gun to thunder, as for Parker's pop-gun to pop, and decidedly more satisfactory.

So far from lacking the great reason, Webster's reason was so great that it partook of the nature of an instinct.

He was a Columbus in the realms of reason, and when he opened the way to a new world or deigned to set an egg on end, Theodore Parker thought that any one could do the same. Trying it himself in this Discourse, he has discovered nothing but "Noodle's Island," and smashed a bad egg.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RULING PRINCIPLE.

*Thy star its Heaven appointed course obeyed,
Nations a record of its orbit made :
And, while the nations live its course shall be
Emblazoned on the life charts of the free.*

On page 85 Mr. Parker says of Daniel Webster, "His course was crooked as the Missouri." Truly, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." His course *was* as crooked as the Missouri, and as nobly consistent with the varying interests of the country through which it held on its mighty way. A good comparison truly. He could not have found a better. Let this notable reformer straighten the Missouri!

We commend to Mr. Parker the following quotation from Coleridge's translation of "Wallenstein :"

"The way of ancient ordnance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies, and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches !
My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes, and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings ;
Curves round the cornfield, and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure, though late, leads to its end !"

In considering Daniel Webster's public course, we shall resort to an illustration.

In the order of the heavenly bodies we observe this fact, that all the orbs, superior and inferior, revolve about their particular centres. They all in their proper place gravitate inevitably to that body which, by reason of its

superior size, or its greater proximity, stands in the relation of their greatest immediate attractor. The satellites circle about the planets; the planets, taking their satellites with them, revolve around the sun: the sun, taking his planets and their satellites with him, is wheeling around some central star of our sun's cluster: doubtless our sun's cluster is careering around some mighty orb or other cluster in the unknown realms of space: and the whole universe is said to spiralize around the throne of the Eternal God.

Man in like manner has his attracting centres, some nearer, some more remote. He also obeys that force, which, either by position or by power, is the immediate ruling force.

Suppose, now, we project upon a map the course through infinite space of the satellite, for instance our moon, as it revolves around the primary, the earth, and, in company with the earth, goes around the sun, and, in company with the earth and sun, goes around their central star, and then, in company with the earth, sun, and central star, goes around some central object, and so on, until the vast array of worlds move on their infinite journey round about the throne of God. Did it ever enter the mind of the reader what a complicated series of gyrations the moon goes through in this grand *ballet* of the stars of heaven? Take a sheet of paper, and try to draw the paraboloidal lines her course describes. You begin by placing your pen to the paper at one side, and, while moving your whole hand in a circle, you describe little continuous would-be circles with the fingers, and at the same time walk around the room. This gives a circle consisting of so many manuscript small *e*'s, but then this circle is itself but a single manuscript *e* of a larger circle, which circle is but the manuscript *e* of a circle larger still, and so on. The fact that all the cen-

tres and all the revolving bodies are in motion together, renders the movement too complicated to conceive of.

Now, to apply this, let a being who could see nothing but the moon, and her course through the heavens, be told that she was obeying strictly the laws which obliged her to revolve around the throne of God. "What!" he would exclaim in indignant astonishment, "do you call that wild, erratic flourishing through the skies a direct and consistent track around the throne of God?"

Again, suppose he should be told, that in all this apparently aimless, giddy circumgyration, the moon was only plodding on her monthly mill-horse journey round about our earth! He would kick at the idea, even as Theodore Parker and his one-view friends and admirers do at the assertion, that Daniel Webster's course in regard to slavery was consistent with the grand central idea of his life, and with precisely the same amount of intelligent appreciation of the matter.

The grand central idea of Daniel Webster's life, to which, when the time of any direct antagonism came, all and any of his other ideas had to bend, in subservience to the laws of God, was the *preservation of the hopes of eventual liberty for all mankind, by insuring the perpetuity of our Union, and our Constitution.*

But in his narrowmindedness and imperfect vision, quite unable to see this comprehensive consistency, Theodore Parker must go out and "bay the moon," because she does not fly from her appointed sphere, and make a bee line for the court of the "higher law!"

It is not pretended that Daniel Webster never changed his views and opinions, however. At one period, honest as he was in his love of his country, and his *whole* country, he even for a short time imagined that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform. It is lucky for him that he did not trust his entire weight upon its flimsy fabric. What if he

did put one foot upon it, like the elephant trying the strength of a bridge before venturing fully upon it? He took that foot off, after demolishing the bridge with its pressure, and on the 7th of March, 1850, contemning all such deceptive assistance, he forded the stream in its deepest part, and drew over everybody worth taking on a raft behind him.

Daniel Webster, thank God, did change as often as he found he had gone out of the way in "following the multitude to do evil," and his latest change will be considered by posterity as the noblest change of all.

Is it a crime to change?
 How criminal are they,
 Who from the paths of wickedness
 To virtue change their way!
 Consistency's so bright a jewel,
 That to preserve it we must do ill,
 And having started wrong, should travel
 Staunchly consistent to the devil!

The man that changes oft
 Is termed "a weathercock,"
 That veers with every wind; the man
 That's firm is called a rock:
 Let those who choose be changeless stones,
 Stiff stumbling blocks to break men's bones
 While seeking truth; I'd rather show
 Which way heaven's blessed breezes blow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VINDICATION.

"The child is father of the man." — WORDSWORTH.

IF the motto at the head of this chapter embodies a truth, then would the early years of Daniel Webster give

the lie to the base and treacherous calumniator who wrote the Discourse under review. Even Theodore Parker, in this Discourse, on page 17, says and quotes as follows:—

“Thither,” that is to school, “went Daniel Webster, a brave, bright boy.” “The child is father of the man.” “Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined,” says another poet; and we find Daniel Webster, according to the account in this Discourse, “fighting for his education—studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third—this yankee Briareus—to serve as register of deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone’s Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy.” And what did he do all this for? this man whom Theodore Parker accuses of having, in after years, committed the vilest crimes for money to expend in sensuality. Was it to buy oysters and champagne? No; as Parker himself says, “he used the money thus severely earned to help his older brother Ezekiel—Black Zeke, as he was called—to college.” Verily the child is the father of the man.

The reviewer confesses that, albeit, unused to the melting mood, when he first read the simple but affecting statement of those early struggles and their noble object, that tears ran down his face, and if he had revered the mighty orator and statesman, he *loved* the brave self-sacrificing youth, and felt a pride he had never known before in his name and his fame, and now that feeling impels him to the work of defending his memory. Thank God! there needs no other book but this very Discourse as a text-book, to defend him from, and out of the mouth of Theodore Parker, shall he himself be condemned, and Daniel Webster vindicated.

It is not pretended that he was faultless. He had his frailties—they make us love him all the more. If he

had been as perfect in morals as he was gigantic in intellect he would have been as a god, and while we revered we should not have loved him, for there would have been no sympathy between us. But that Daniel Webster was even *suggestive* of the demon described in this Discourse, is utterly denied, and hissed back into the ears, and hurled back into the teeth and down the throat to the bottom of the heart, of the "whited sepulchre" from which it emanated. Nay, more, one single sabbath morning's occupancy of the New Music Hall in Boston, to stand up calmly, and sleekly, and plausibly, with the fruit of a week's labor in manuscript on the desk, and from it scatter religious *affectations* to excite the audible laughter and applause of the multitude, is worse, and "more to be condemned" in "Heaven's High Chancery" than all the errors Daniel Webster's human frailty ever led him to commit; and there is a righteous retribution in store for him that is guilty of it, for, although he now thinks that he has

"Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,"

he will, before many years, be

——— "But as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded."

Out of his own mouth shall Webster be vindicated. Take this instance. He says, "No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect. Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice." That is, in some case connected with slavery, as his foot-note shows. Now, will anybody that knows any thing of human nature, pretend that it is a likely case, that Daniel Webster plead better for what he knew was wrong than for what he felt to be right?

He of all other men could not do it. His great force lay in a conviction, that what he said was *true*, and he never failed to carry that conviction to his hearer, as Parker himself confesses. In this firm confidence in his own view of the case lay full as much of his mighty power, as in his clear statement, logical inference, his apt illustration, and his comprehensive grouping; and it was this complete sincerity that gave such terrific force to his invective.

Read Parker's own description of him when in one of his sublime efforts. He says: "When he spoke he was a grand spectacle. His noble form so dignified and masculine, his massive head, the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty, the deep, dark eye which, like a lion's, seemed fixed on objects far off, looking beyond what lay in easy range; the mouth, so full of strength and determination,—these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence; he subdued them more by his will than by his arguments." So says Parker, and we all know it to be true. Now just for a moment imagine this man, Daniel Webster, standing up in the Senate chamber of those United States he loved so well, and *lying*, as deliberately as Parker accuses him of,—aye, as deliberately as I believe before God this same Theodore Parker, in his sleek way, was lying on the holy Sabbath morning next succeeding the memorable day of Daniel Webster's death, to amuse "The Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston." We know it was not so by our knowledge of the man, and we know you, Mr. Parker, too well to receive it from you as any thing more than one of the miserable moral affectations, with which your whole being is penetrated, permeated, and pervaded. No unprejudiced mind can critically examine this *performance*,—

this manufacture, — this mere *facilium* of yours, without seeing in it plenty of evidence that it is the offspring of a vain heart and a prostituted intellect. Why, the very figures of speech belie you if it is not so. But it is; even your *own* imagination plays you false, treacherously letting out the secrets of your heart; and your misbegotten metaphors are like so many unnatural griffins, half bird, half beast, to suit the distortions of your moral nature. Take this advice — never, as you value your popularity, (I adjure you by your *principal deity*,) venture on a figure of speech again; for as true as you do, the conception will be but a representative form of some moral monstrosity, begotten by some hitherto half concealed iniquitous propensity. What else are those monstrous metaphors, offspring as they are of an unnatural intellect hybridating with some vile, selfish passion, but the disgusting evidence that Nature herself, much as she is said to abhor a vacuum, abhors you even more, and disowning, disinheriting you, lets your intended place in her kingdom go empty, turning you out into that Milton's "Limbo" of the fancy where gorgons grin and phantoms flit in horrid imitation of the realities they simulate.

But it is to be hoped that you will not continue thus forever. Perhaps ere long, awakened to a sense of your inverted condition by the perusal of this review, you will endeavor to exorcise the demons of vanity and affectation that possess you, and hereafter struggle for the promotion of truth and righteousness as intensely as you hitherto have struggled for distinguishment and notoriety. If you do, there is no one who will welcome you into the ranks of the army of truth more sincerely and cordially, than your *real* friend the reviewer, who has endeavored to harrow up your feelings only that he may the more effectually sow in them the seeds of truth, that may grow up and "bring forth the fruits of good living."

Webster was eminently a candid man; always in earnest — sometimes *terribly* in earnest — but always giving his honest view of the subject under consideration. His feeling was intense, and his great heart sometimes went off in a rapid trip-hammer beat that stunned for a time the loud voice of reason in the workshop of his brain, but even then his forgings were no forgery. There was the stamp of sincerity upon them. Read, for illustration, the extract from his Plymouth Oration, quoted on the forty-ninth and fiftieth pages of “the Discourse.”

This extract shows a sentiment of no ordinary strength and depth, and we doubt not that on the 7th of March, 1850, that sentiment was there alive and breathing. But was not the sentiment of paternal love glowing and burning in the heart of Brutus, when he gave his two sons up to the axe of the lictor in obedience to a law more mighty in its claims than that of protection to the “children of his loins,” namely, the good of that country of which he was a responsible ruler?

But Parker’s philanthropists know nothing of this noble phase of virtue. Bestriden by one idea; wedded to a single sentiment; all the manly marrow, nay the very backbone itself of firm, unwavering, *heroic* philanthropy melted and fretted out of them by the fierce fever of fanaticism and an ill-conditioned peevishness of pity, they spend their breath, and dry up their moisture in sighs and tears over a few fugitive slaves, and, if they could by no other means contrive to save them from the law, they would even set fire to the temple of liberty itself, and, for the safety of a dozen negroes, blast the welfare of a continent for ages.

Out upon such insane tom-foolery of compassion. It is high time that such philanthropic mountebanks were hissed out of the company of men of common sense. But even now a prophetic feeling assures us that their

silly race is almost run, their ravings and "vain babblings" almost over, and soon they will either slip silently away into a welcome obscurity, or turn their envious claws upon each other, and we shall wake up one of these mornings and find nothing left of them but the *tale*.

On pages 26 and 27 we find the following quotation from Webster's first Bunker Hill oration. See how the warm heart's blood of the patriot colors and vivifies the glowing picture.

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

How the great soul of the man speaks out in this thrilling fragment. Even if this was all that should survive to future generations, it would as surely give a clue to the character of Daniel Webster, as the single section of bone in the hands, and under the microscope of Cuvier, enabled that great naturalist to describe the animal to whom it belonged when living. "*Ex pede Herculem.*"

How apposite this exhortation "not to the wish, but to the want" of Theodore Parker and his models. "Let *their* conceptions be enlarged to the circle of *their* duties." Let their object no longer be the negroes, the whole of the negroes, and nothing but the negroes; "but let them extend their ideas over the *whole* of the vast field in which" rational men "are called upon to act," and govern themselves accordingly.

The sentiment of patriotism was the grand centre, next to God, around which all the other sentiments of Webster's being revolved, and this is the grand master-

key to his character and actions. When drawn aside in the moments of a temporary weakness, if such there were, from the immediate sphere of his country's attraction, even then he could have said with all sincerity,

Still am I true to thee : my transient error
Is but "the needle's," which doth often turn
To less attractions, which, though weak, are nearer
Than its loved star, that doth in heaven burn.

He was nurtured in the love of his country by his noble father, who helped to fight the battles of that country's independence, and even in childhood that sentiment assumed a definite form, appearing visibly in his earliest productions, "growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength," prompting the lofty sentences that fell from his tongue on Bunker Hill, on Plymouth Rock, and in Faneuil Hall: dictating the long ago historical reply to Hayne, and being, in the course of his eloquent life, never more strikingly powerful than on that memorable March 7th, 1850, when that sentiment, like Aaron's rod, in swallowing up all rival sentiments, demonstrated its undoubted superiority. He loved his country better than any party; he loved the *Union* better than he loved Massachusetts; he regarded the well-being of an entire nation more than the prejudices of the pseudo-philanthropist: he valued *justice* more than he valued *free-soil*: and for this it was, that Theodore Parker and the masters "that *do* tare him on," would have been glad, on that 7th day of March, 1850, and on the floor of the Senate of these United States, to have concentrated all their forces in one fatal blow, and *stabbed him where he stood*.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONCLUSION.

"Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

WE have considered the great ruling principle of Daniel Webster's soul. We have seen how, in an honest devotion to that very principle, his course might apparently vary to the common eye, that sees but the moon and the moon's orbit. We come now to consider why it was, that, in view of this principle, he came at one time almost to be an abolitionist, and then finally, when free to act, on the 7th of March repudiated the incendiary creed of the men of one idea.

Daniel Webster had so large a head that many thought him wanting in capacity of heart; but we have seen, that so far from being destitute of heart, when once his feelings were enlisted they carried his judgment with them, insomuch that he gave away when appealed to by the poor, and needy, and suffering, with lavish prodigality. His very presence indicated the boundless generosity of his character. His openness of hand, where his sympathies were aroused, long since passed into a proverb. The schoolboys told each other tales of his unthinking liberality. He should have had the revenues of a monarch, that his hand might have remained continually open. From this tender sympathy of his with suffering, this boundless generosity, came that seeming inconsistency upon the slavery question which Theodore Parker is continually heralding abroad with his penny trumpet.

This is the true statement; the tears of some few afflicted and suffering black men, fell upon his great beat-

ing heart, and rose from them in vaporous exhalations to obscure his mental sight, and be the means of a prismatic resolution of the pure simple light of truth into a halo of false philanthropy, that formed a *seeming* bow of promise to three millions of *apparent* unfortunates. Thus the clear head of Daniel Webster was beclouded by means of his warm heart.

But even out of the foul mouth of the shameless calumniator shall Daniel Webster be vindicated. We quote from the Discourse, page 79. "He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes."

Again we quote from the Discourse on the 80th page. "Of the afflictions he was well provided by nature, though they were little cultivated,—attachable to a few who knew and loved him tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king."

Again, "In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They, too, were fond of him, came to him as dust to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs, and also slept." A beautiful picture.

"All along the shore men loved him: men in Boston loved him to the last. Washington held loving hearts that worshipped him."

The point to be established is this, he was easily carried away by his sympathies and friendships. This point being made plain, the next thing is to show what bearing those traits had on his course in relation to slavery.

The anti-slavery sentiment had begun to manifest itself in New England as long ago as 1819, when the Missouri compromise was in agitation. Mr. Webster was then comparatively young; he had devoted his mind to his profession, not having at that time been so much of a

politician as a lawyer; his opinions of course had not been fully formed. We have seen how accessible he must have been to all the influences of times, places, occasions, friends, public sentiment, etc. Massachusetts, always a little inclined to the pharisaic idea that she was a "little holier than" her sister States, having abolished slavery in her own territory, from motives however, that were not those of entire unmingled philanthropy, now looking at the subject no longer in the concrete but in the abstract, began to think and to say in substance, "how very unjust it is to hold men in bondage." The sentiment, as a sentiment merely—not subjected to the test of impartial reason in a general view of all the circumstances of the case, in the course of time became chronic—constitutional as it were, and Daniel Webster, sympathizing with the people whom he loved, and who loved him, inhaled the sentiment unconsciously, without any direct, particular, and systematic investigation.

It is worthy of remark, however, that Daniel Webster *always followed—never led* in this anti-slavery sentiment, and what of action it gave rise to.

Years rolled on—the chronic sentiment began to take an acute form—it broke out as an epidemic, with eruptive tendencies—it raged through city and country—a great many people "had it." In some it began to assume a malignant type, accompanied by a virulent "breaking out" about the lips, that was very troublesome and annoying to the friends of the patients. In such cases it was thought, however, that it was not very deep-seated—that in fact it was really only "skin deep." It is needless to say that Daniel Webster never had it in this form, either naturally, malariously, epidemically, or contagiously.

Years went on. In its malignant form it had come to be considered a sort of leprosy of the mind, foul and incurable;

and its victims, glorying in it as the Alpine Swiss in the monstrous *goutre*, were very generally shunned as loathsome by the great majority who were free from it; but all the while it was working secretly in the blood of multitudes, tainting even that of Webster, and affecting his moral and mental perceptions finally to such a degree that he could see no "powder-post" planks in the Buffalo Platform. But to drop this metaphor before it begins to "blossom" out, all this does not presuppose any deliberate and settled intention on the part of Massachusetts men, and Daniel Webster with them, to act unjustly by the southern portion of the Federal Union. It was a sentiment — no more. Sometimes it broke out on "the body politic" in the form of legislative resolutions, which, however, we very much doubt were fully subscribed to by the people. On the whole, it was increasing in power and prevalence. Finally, a thing was done by the legislature of questionable prudence, and unfortunate results. They sent a talented, noble-hearted, venerable man, one of whom the Commonwealth was proud, on an imprudent errand to Charleston, South Carolina, where he and his lovely and accomplished daughter, were shamefully treated. It is of no use to try to disguise this matter. It was impertinence on one side, and ungentlemanliness on the other; qualities neither of them natural to either of those States when in their normal condition. This came near producing a crisis, but on the whole the result was good. Men began to look and see how far it was necessary and proper to intermeddle with each other, and the great majority of our people began to take a more common sense view of the matter. But still the *grand issues* had never been fully and fairly investigated.

Thus then stood the case; Massachusetts, and, influenced by her, Daniel Webster, had for a long time been thinking that slavery must perforce be an unqualified

wrong, an absolute sin, an indubitable wickedness, because a great many said so, and some few railed outright, and they did not even so much as give the subject the common courtesy of an investigation, any more than Theodore Parker and political philosophers of his moral kidney and mental calibre would do it now, to-morrow, or next week, if we should modestly request it of them.

Thus stood matters previous to the session of Congress of 1849-50. That was a stormy winter—a memorable winter. It is in vain to deny that it was a *dangerous* winter. The ship of the Union felt the storm in every creaking timber. “Men’s hearts” everywhere began “to fail them for fear.” Vainly does Theodore Parker quote the price of stocks to show that there was no danger. It is no criterion in this matter. No one pretended that the danger was immediate, imminent, momentarily pressing. The ship was in a storm, but it was a stout, staunch fabric, bound together with mighty bands. It was able to bear the blast and breast the billows, and even if the elements had been destined to overcome it, they could not have done it on the high seas; they must have driven it full many a league upon the far lee-shore, before it would strike the rocks and go to pieces. This was well known by the board of brokers in Wall street. Think you they were such fools as to sacrifice their present interest to a future danger, however formidable? They knew they should have warning before the mutinous crew had let the vessel get too near the rocks for salvation to be possible. This whole stock argument of Theodore Parker’s is all moonshine. It is of a piece with various other shallownesses of the Discourse. The fact is, he has so long been living in one spot, revolving one set of ideas, feeding out speckled and black beans to a docile flock, that he knows no better than to think that

Massachusetts is the Union, that Boston is Massachusetts, that "The Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society" is Boston, and, to bring the matter to its essence, Theodore Parker is the Twenty-Eighth Congressional Society, and consequently, — reasoning back again, — he himself is the whole United States of North America; and as *he* felt no fear of what indeed he would be glad to bring about, he said, and, in his blind egotism, doubtless felt, that there was no danger to the Union during the winter referred to above.

But there *was* danger — very great danger — and if this oysterlike egotist would go out of his shell of self-conceit — if he would venture abroad, as other men do, and air his opinions south of "Mason and Dixon's line," he would return to Boston a wiser, and perhaps a better man. We advise him to go.

There *was* danger. The man who denies it knows nothing of human nature — nothing of the feelings of southern men on this subject. They differ from northern men from the nature of their blood and education. They can less easily brook injustice. They *know* they are not the vile, selfish villains, thieves, robbers, murderers, that Parker would needs have them to be. They know that they are as truly virtuous, in all the relations of life in which Providence has cast their lot, as any similar number of people under the sun; and they know that northern abolitionism of the Parker stripe is only a *phenomenal form of intensified selfishness*, and they *were*, and *are* determined to bear no more tom-foolery. Go there, Mr. Parker, by all manner of means. It will do you good; for you know no more at present about this Union, and the vast problem of its destiny under God's Providence, than the worm in the timber of the ship does of navigation. You are here in Boston, boring like that worm to destroy the timber, and sink the ship. You come under the category

of vermin. So far from being useful, you are pernicious. Your efforts are destructive.

It was truly fortunate for America that Daniel Webster lived long enough to put the great question before the country in its true light. Good men and true, who could not see, by reason of prejudice, now know that this matter has been made plain, and it is a great relief to the heart of an honest man to be stayed on clear and immutable truth.

But we will own that it *was* unfortunate — it *is* unfortunate for the people of the South that they did not honor themselves by putting the Defender of the Constitution in the presidential chair. They ought to have done it. That one crowning act would have bound this great Union together forever. It would have elevated them, and the whole of us, in the eyes of each other, and in the eyes of the world. As it is, both they and we must be content to bear the fiendlike sneers of this "*minister*" in relation to that subject as best we can. They are all that bear the show of justice in the whole Discourse; and, although they reveal the devil-like disposition of their author, we feel constrained to let them alone — they are severe, but they are just — the world sees it, posterity will affirm it, the South must feel it. We shall not undertake to dispute it.

But to proceed with the subject. There was danger — actual danger — serious danger — increasing danger to the Union of these States in the crisis of 1850. All saw that this crisis was in the hands of *one man*. All parties saw it — all parties acknowledged it. Efforts were made, efforts as strenuous as the case was weighty, to enlist the one great name and fame and giant reason on the side of one, and on the side of the other. Then came the mighty struggle in the heart of Daniel Webster. He hesitated — he wavered. Momentous interests were at

stake. The fate of millions and millions of "millions yet to be" hung on the turning of his hand. "Long time in even scale the battle hung." This way and that way swayed the mighty magnet, now for the first time free from local causes of disturbance, which had drawn it down and to one side so long; and where did it settle at last? Towards what quarter of the heavens did it stand directed? Not to *this* quarter nor to *that* quarter — neither east nor west, north nor south. It rose *above* the common horizontal. It stood still; and when men gazed up into the sky, sighting its elevated range, they saw that, true to its original attraction, it had sought and found no *single* star, but the GRAND CONSTELLATION OF THE UNION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, thenceforth to know no sign of wavering!

It stood there on the 7th day of March, 1850 — as it stood there on Bunker Hill, and on Plymouth Rock, and in Faneuil Hall, and thenceforward it never swerved from its high truth, until a mighty electric thrill of pain darted along the nation's nerves and told that Webster was no more!

The decision was made. The giant burst the thousand Lilliputian ties that had bound him so exclusively to northern ground. He rose with the severed threads still hanging thickly about him, and regardless alike of "the Little-endians" and "Big-endians," he went on his mighty way.

Having made up his mind, Mr. Webster was not one to hesitate, or falter, or relent from his high resolve. He went to his work with a settled purpose, a noble energy, a firm reliance upon the ground he stood on. Like some huge giant, then he rose, looked about him, and took the lay and bearings of the land. Before him in the distance rose an eminence on which even the common eye could see things as he saw them. With stalwart arm, and tren-

chant axe, dealing terrific blows, he hewed his mighty way through the obstructing forest of opinions, breaking down with the axe-head the crags of opposition, felling difficulties, uprooting prejudices, building a causeway along the quaking bogs of fear, and bridging over the deep "sloughs of despond," turning aside the torrent of abuse to make its bed a pathway, until at last, with laboring breath, and beaded brow, but a triumphant smile, he stood upon the summit, beckoning up the Nation!

For a time men wavered, but as the bolder few went up, and shouted to their fellows, soon the multitude began to move, and pour, and throng along the path, and struggle to the summit; and the giant wiped away the great sweat of labor from his brow, shouldered his axe, and went home to his house and family by the seaside to refresh himself.

But where was Theodore Parker all this time? He? where was he? Why he was using some of the brush, which the giant had cut down, to keep his abolition-pot boiling, and, while he kept his face in the steam that rose from it, he kept wiping his colored spectacles, and wondering that they should be so foolish as to try to ascend that hill; for his part he could not see any pathway; and, when people came and urged the matter on him, he grew angry, and flung the hot scum of the pot in their faces.

It will not be pretended that Daniel Webster was not influenced by southern men in this matter. Undoubtedly he was, and it is not at all to his discredit. He had been too completely under the influence of the North, and it was needful that the equilibrium be restored, or rather that one be created. How could he see this great question in its true light, in all its bearings, while sectional sentiment was drawing him aside? It would have been almost a moral impossibility for Daniel Webster to have seen that matter clearly if southern men had not thronged

and crowded around him, and imbued him to some small extent with their own feelings. No doubt he thought of the presidency, and pray tell us why should he not? That he was ambitious is *true*; his whole course shows it; but we have yet to learn that his ambition led him to dishonor. That his career should end in the presidential chair was as natural as that the cap-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill should be upon the top, and not stop half way down. It rests there because it belongs there. Daniel Webster just as truly belonged in the supreme executive chair of these United States; and a universal acclamation would have proclaimed the approbation of a *world*, if we had done a thing so manifestly just, and wise, and prudent, and appropriate as to have placed him there. Posterity will miss him from the list of presidents, and wonder at the strange anomaly. History, that has already embodied his reply to Hayne, will carry this anomaly down to remotest times, and the wonder will increase with the increasing ages at our neglect to do a thing so natural, and sequential, and our posterity will half reproach our memory for robbing them of the honor of referring, proudly, to the era, when Webster, having allayed an angry quarrel, presided over the united and reconciled nation.

Webster knew all this. He saw that this consummation was wanting to the historic fulness of his career—that not to place him in the presidential chair would be in some sort to libel him to posterity.

But his soul was not contaminated by this feeling as a temptation from the paths of honor. Why, the very speech of the seventh of March itself is a most palpable contradiction of such an accusation. Who dares attack the *reasoning* of that speech? Does Theodore Parker? We beg pardon for mentioning his name so often—it seemed to be necessary. There is the speech; are its

positions overthrown by any one? Did they not carry conviction? Is not truth truth, and are they not still all open to assault? He himself says in this Discourse, "I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out the path of duty, convinced the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union."

Verily, "*Magnus est veritas, et prevalebit.*"

Let those who attack Daniel Webster's honesty do it over the ruins of that argument or not at all. It stands between his reputation and his enemies. Let them come on, "and damned be he that first cries hold, enough!"

Thus, finally, not to enter into the particulars of the facts, for this review has to do specially with the philosophy, rather than the mere statistics, of the subject; thus, finally, the investigation was, by concurrent circumstances, and a threatened crisis, actually *forced* upon unwilling minds, and thus it was that Daniel Webster, foremost now, *leading*, not following, as was his proper place in this case where *reason*, not *feeling*, was to rule the hour, now, for the first time, set seriously about a calm, dispassionate, comprehensive, deep-searching, thorough-going, investigation.

This investigation resulted according to immutable principles in the adoption, not from mere impression, but entire conviction of the views embodied in the speech of March 7th, 1850, in which, in view of all the circumstances, all the consequences for time and for eternity, to this nation, to the African himself, to the great family of

mankind, he advocated and made plain the duty of Americans to pass and carry out the fugitive slave law, and the accompanying measures. Look at this matter calmly, ye men of Massachusetts, you who are wont to be considered by the world as "*calculating* Yankees;" was he, this man Daniel Webster, right or wrong, honest or dishonest—just and disinterested, or partial and mercenary in this matter? Parker says he made that speech *against his conscience for a consideration*, but was it against his *reason*? Tell us that. All along through this Discourse of one hundred and eight pages he labors to gain, first, your prejudices, next, your imagination, finally, your judgment. You who have *ever* at any former period loved and revered Daniel Webster, I appeal to *you*, by the memory of the past, by the justice of your own souls, by the judgment by which you would yourselves be judged, has this man whom you once regarded with all the personal affection that a son gives to his father, *has* he done the foul and nameless deed; nameless, but faintly shadowed forth in the horrid epithet of parricide—has *he* betrayed his country's honor and his own soul to eternal, damning shame? Bethink you, he is dead; no more shall we behold that majestic form, or stand in that august presence. "He lies full low." Shall his grave be sacred to all that is great and worthy, or shall it be accursed? Shall it be green with the laurels of honor, or shall even the grass refuse to grow upon it, as the grave of a murderer? He loved us—no one doubts that—he entered Massachusetts ever with arms wide open. He came home to die upon her bosom. Say, ye who *have once* loved him, will ye help to desecrate his grave? Methinks I hear the solemn, fervent answer, rising in murmurs on the shore, mingled with the booming of the waves of the ocean, saying, never! Onward it travels west, and from the hills of Berkshire echoes *never!* All America takes

up the solemn cry, and answers *never! never!* and onward and still onward, down the still coming ages, peals the promise, never, never, never!

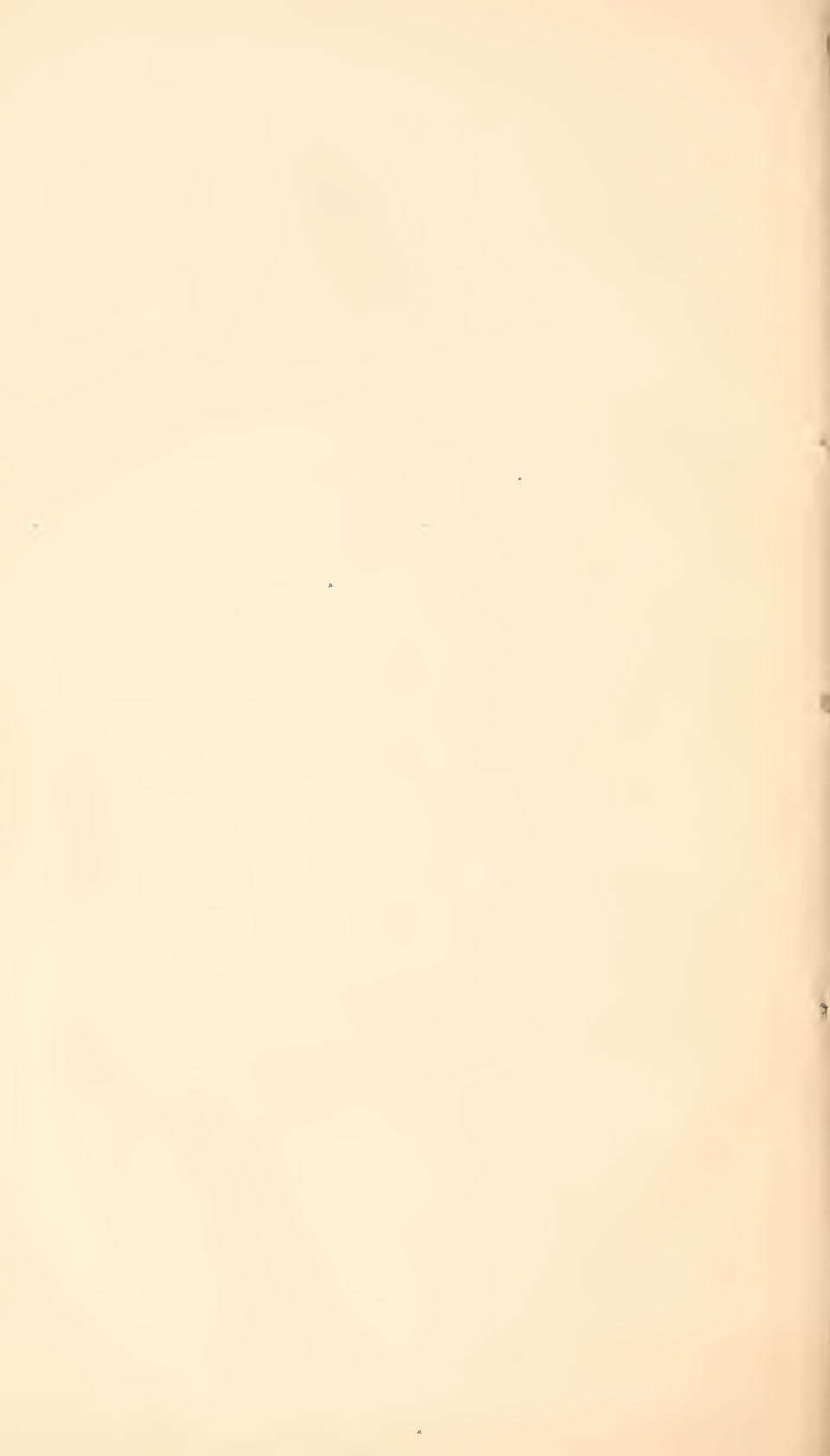
Theodore Parker "has done what he could," and the reviewer has done what *he* could. Would to God it had been more and better in so dear a cause. If the task is not well done, the will must be taken for the deed. If there is "any lack of needful severity," we are most heartily sorry for it. If the culprit has not been reached effectually, it was because the lash was not long enough, nor this right arm strong enough.

As for him to whose manes we dedicate this effort, we do not fear to trust his reputation to the current of your feelings and the tide of time.

He will not be forgotten. In person he was majestic. In intellect titanic. In action god-like. His voice was the song of the mountain torrent. The current of his eloquence a mighty river.

He has passed out of sight, but not out of mind. Never again will his simple presence rouse to a wild and irrepressible enthusiasm the gazing throng; but they will not, they cannot forget him. In future years he will be descanted on in history. In the lapse of time he will "live in song and story." Nay, more,

Even in the ages when the world is old,
Awestruck posterity shall still behold
The footprints of his earthly march sublime,
Gigantic on the ancient shores of time;
And, measuring each vestige, deep and vast,
Review, amazed, the dim receding past,
And cry, as back they strain their wondering gaze,
"Lo, brothers, there were giants in those days!"



A

REVIEW

OF

"A DISCOURSE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER, PREACHED AT
THE MELODEON ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852, BY THEODORE PARKER,
MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY IN BOSTON."

BY

"JUNIUS AMERICANUS."

"He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and that uttereth slander, is a fool." — PROVERBS, x. 13.

"Answer a *fool* according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." — xxvi. 5.

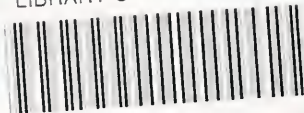
"I'll prove it on his body." — SHAKESPEARE.

4.
1853

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
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